



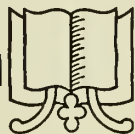
THE ARGO

VOLUME ELEVEN

Published by the Class of 1916

Westminster College

New Wilmington, Pa.



NINETEEN
HUNDRED
FIFTEEN

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Dedication

The members of
the Class of 1916
dedicate this book to

Dr. Robert Metcalf Smith
Their Instructor, Director, and Friend





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Introduction

ENTLE reader, permit us to introduce the 1916 Argo, and to express the hope that, in spite of faults and imperfections, it will prove interesting and entertaining.

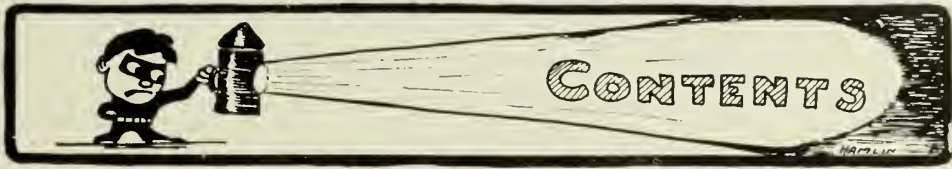
We realize that the Argo has none of the qualities that go to make up a "best seller." There is no plot that takes the Princess and her poor—but honest lover through danger and intrigue, and finally places them on a throne to the tune of "The Wedding Glide." Nor is there a grewsome crime, whose perpetrator is brought to justice by Slippery Sam, the Six Eyed Sleuth. This book does not even expound a plan for getting rich quick that will cause hundred dollar bills to pour into your back yard until it resembles an alfalfa pasture in September. If you want adventure, mystery, and "heart interest" you may as well close this book now, and turn to "The Rosary," or "Graustark," or the "Congressional Record."

Above all, gentle reader, don't open this book expecting to find war news, for you will be bitterly disappointed. We did intend to have an article "from the front," but our correspondent was shot as a spy while sketching the Kaiser's favorite meerschaum pipe. To tell the truth, we don't care a snap who wins,—a detachment of Boy Scouts could clean up the whole bunch!

If you are willing to tear yourself away from your lessons or business long enough to glance through a book that won't make cold shivers chase themselves up and down your spine and won't bring hideous dreams every night for a week, we feel that this number of the Argo is worth your time. For we have tried to tell in word and picture the story of a year at Westminster. How well we have succeeded you must decide for yourself.

Perchance, fellow-student, years hence, when you wake up some fine morning and find your golden or auburn or raven locks streaked with gray, your mind will turn back to college days. With a sigh you will take this volume from the shelf, blow the dust from its edges, and read again the account of long forgotten lectures and sledloads.

If at that time, when the joys and pains of college life are blended in pleasurable memories, this book will remind you of the happy times we are now having together, the editors will be amply repaid for their work.



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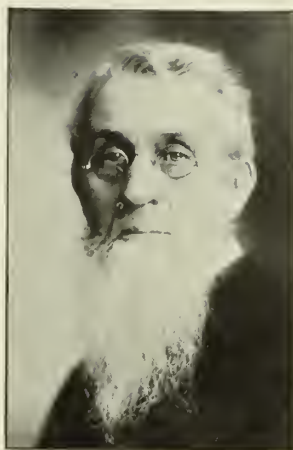
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THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

ROBERT GRACEY FERGUSON, D.D., LL.D.

Professor Emeritus of Biblical Literature

Although Dr. Ferguson is no longer engaged in active teaching, we feel that this issue of the "Argo" would be incomplete without his photograph in its accustomed place. During over thirty years of faithful service to the college he has endeared himself to students and alumni, who know him as a kind teacher and a true friend. If we were to describe Dr. Ferguson in a single phrase, we would say he is a true Christian gentleman. "No thing but finds in him a perfect love, no flower, no star but buds within his soul."



JOHN JAMES McELREE, A.M.

Registrar and Professor of Latin

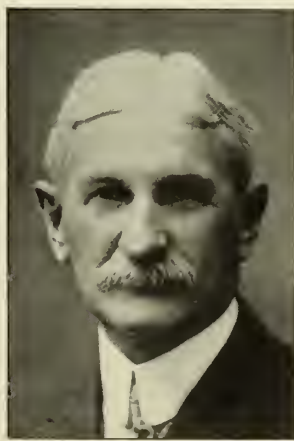
Professor McElree (more familiarly known as "Manee") is one of the most popular members of the faculty. Perhaps that is due to the fact that he understands students, he himself having been an undergraduate at Westminster not many years ago. In class, however, he assumes a stern pose, and shows peculiar ability in probing for knowledge where it does not exist. A student once said, "I never knew those old Romans were human until I got in Manee's class." There could be no higher tribute to a teacher of Latin!



JAMES OSCAR CAMPBELL, A.M., D.D.

Professor of History and Political Science

Imagine, if you can, a chain made up of human material that merits and does honor to a D.D. degree. Let the links be symbolic of an A.M. degree from Harvard, of a term in the Kansas State Legislature, of service as Chaplain during the Spanish War, of membership in a host of societies. Imagine it to be polished by a sterling personality, an open, congenial, friend-making manner, and an everready smile, and you have some idea of the tie that binds the student body to the most popular member of our faculty, Dr. J. O. Campbell.



JAMES McALLISTER SHAFFER, A.M.

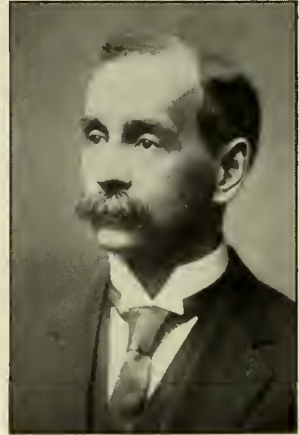
Professor of Mathematics

Everybody likes Professor Shaffer, even the shrinking freshman who dreads the ordeal of an algebra recitation. For beneath his stern manner and exacting discipline (woe betide the student who is late to his class) there is a kind heart and a quiet sense of humor. Professor Shaffer has a wonderful knowledge of mathematics, and keeps his classes busy trying to solve his baffling problems. Yet he is always ready and willing to explain a puzzling point. In addition to his regular work, Professor Shaffer judges orations and superintends Sabbath-schools.

JOHN ABRAM SHOTT, A.M.

Professor of Psychology, Education, and Ethics

To many of us Professor Shott is a quiet, dark-faced, soft-voiced, Philosophy teacher who takes the Freshman roll, has a fondness for chickens, and a son Edmund. There have been those who regard his class room as a place where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Strangely enough they flunked! But he is withal a man of ideas, with breadth and clarity of view, enthusiasm for his subject, appreciation of the student, and an unerring instinct for finding sense in a senseless answer.



JAMES D. BARR, A.M.

Professor of Greek

Professor Barr's pleasant and unobtrusive manner has won him many friends, especially among the co-educationally inclined, since, like the owl, "the more he sees the less he speaks." We are positive too of his generous nature, since he invariably donates examinations to his Greek classes on all gala-occasions, and prays for all the officials of the United States when he leads in Chapel. When it comes to Greek, though, there is nothing can stump him, and from first hour in the morning till last hour in the afternoon "it's all Greek to him."

WILLIAM W. TROUP, A.M.

Professor of Ancient Languages

"Troupie" came to New Wilmington in 1907, and "proceeded" to tell doubting students of the beauty of Latin and Greek literature. That his work has been successful is proven by the fact that some students really enjoy his recitations. For the Latin taught by Professor Troup is not a dead language by any means! Professor Troup has two hobbies: getting new students for the College, and teaching the Men's Bible Class. His knowledge and ability make him a valuable member of our faculty.



MISS LUELLA E. KIEKHOEFFER, Ph.M.

Professor of French and German

Miss Kiekhoeffer may be addressed as either Fräulein or Mademoiselle for she is professor of both German and French. Not neutrality, but friendliness to both is her policy, and Der Deutsche Verein and Le Cercle Français are sources of equal interest to her. She has traveled a great deal in Europe, and studied in many of the larger cities. As head of the modern language department, Miss Kiekhoeffer has proved very capable and her success in the work is due to her personal interest.

ROBERT METCALF SMITH, Ph.D.

Professor of English

Space forbids us to say all that could be said in praise of our class director, "Bobbie" Smith. He and the class of '16 date their arrival in this institution from the same day, and we venture to say that Westminster has never enjoyed a more momentous one. Upon entering the class room the first thing a student notices is Professor Smith's informal way of curling himself around the desk. Next the student is impressed by his marked ability, interesting personality, and marvelous intellect. All of his classes are live and interesting.



MRS. R. M. SMITH, A.M.

Instructor in English

It is almost impossible to give a true sketch of Mrs. Smith without "Bobbie." They came to us together, they work together, they entertain and "chap" together, and they are generally spoken of collectively rather than individually. It is a difficult matter to attempt a correct estimate of the life of one without the other. Mrs. Smith is charming in her class room, her manner is quiet and calm and her personality delightful. Her ability as a teacher is exceeded only by her charm as a hostess. Nowhere is Mrs. Smith more attractive than in her home, a home dominated by a distinctly "Smithsonian" atmosphere.

MRS. ALICE MCCLURE

Instructor in Bible

A temper under perfect control, a heart subdued into tenderness and patience, a voice cheerful with hope and ringing with consecrated trust, and a countenance radiant with love and kindness—these are the qualities which we can attribute to Mrs. Alice McClure, late missionary to India and present Bible Instructor in Westminster College. Her life has been full of deepest experiences both of joy and of sorrow but it has been refined and shaped into one of rarest beauty, sweetness, and strength.

"To know her is to love her."



MISS CATHERINE FRASER MACLAGGAN, A.B.

Instructor in Modern Languages

Miss MacLaggan came to us last year from the University of Chicago, and has proven a valuable addition to our modern language department. Travel and study in Europe has given her a first-hand knowledge that makes her classes interesting. Miss MacLaggan is rapidly gaining the reputation of being a strict disciplinarian, rivalling Professor Shaffer in that respect. Because of her ability to leave work locked up in her desk, and to enter into our good times with a spirit of fun, Miss MacLaggan is much in demand as a chaperon.

MISS MARGARET EARLA MITCHELL, A.B.
Librarian

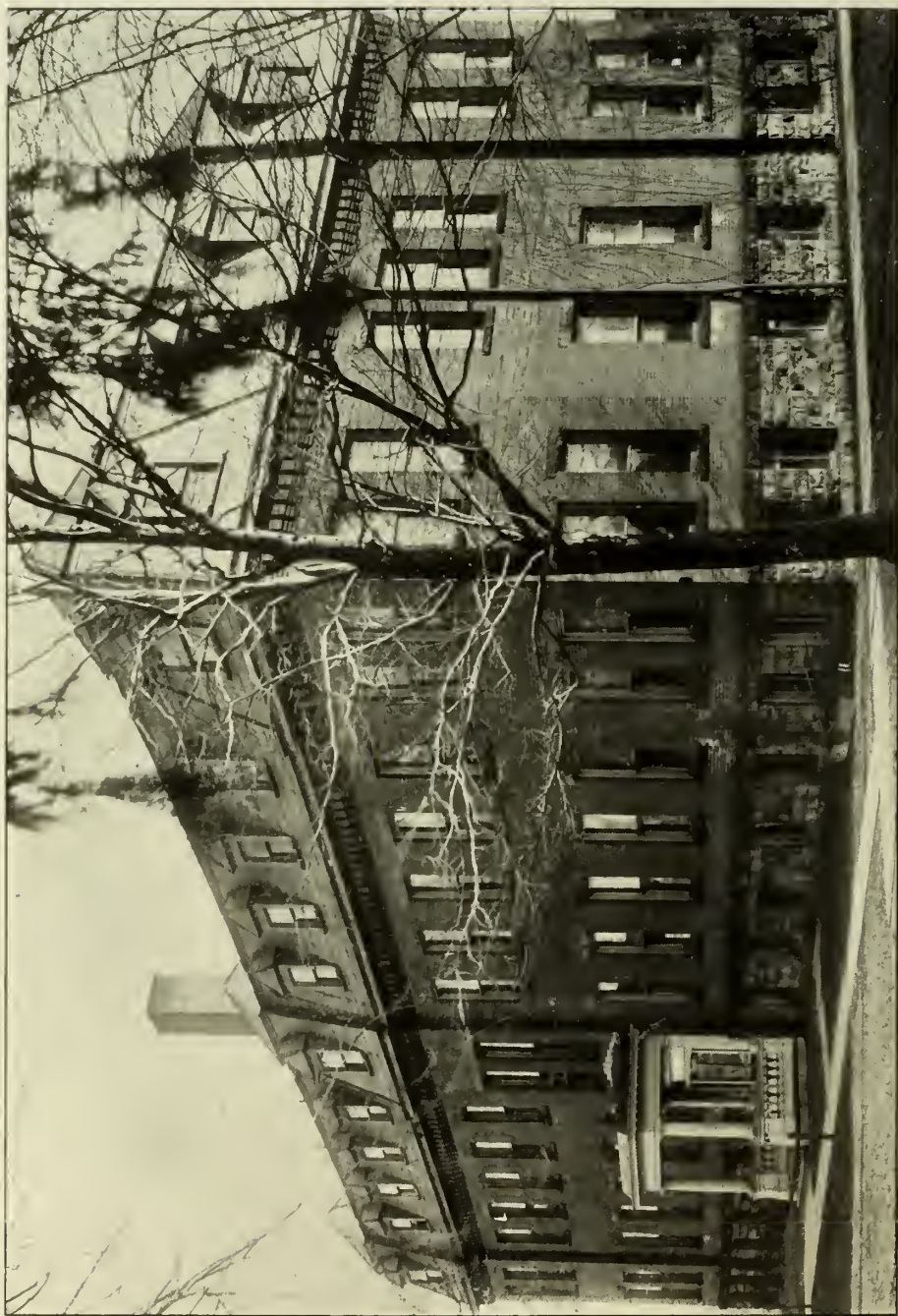


Miss Mitchell may be found every day during school hours sitting at her desk in the library, ready to give information on any subject from "The Rights of Women" to "The Me Within Thee-Blind." To her the freshman looks for knowledge for his first theme; from her the Senior seeks material for his valedictory. All classes meet on equal footing in the library. Miss Mitchell is kind to all, but has a confirmed dislike to the use of the library as a meeting place for the co-educationally inclined,—all such soon hear her warning bell.

F. L. TINKHAM, B.S.
Athletic Coach and Physical Director

Full particulars concerning "Tink's" history and ability as a coach may be found in the sporting pages any Sunday morning during football season. Suffice to say that he has a system of his own that has given Westminster the two best teams in the history of the school. Off the field "Coach" is a regular fellow, with a heart and countenance as open as his little domicile on New Castle Street. "Tink" prepared for Princeton Seminary at Coe College, Iowa;—doubtless his co-education has been a wonderful help to him at Westminster.





THE SCIENCE HALL



CHARLES FREEMAN, Ph.D.
Dean and Professor of Chemistry

No greater misfortune could come to a student than to go through college without having sat under the instruction of Dean Freeman. Many a time the Doctor, wrapping his delicate hands about one of the pillars in his lecture room and pointing a slim fore-finger at a student, has filled a would be bluffer with consternation. Yet no one has ever intimated that Dr. Freeman is unfair or partial. A class under him is a privilege rather than a task, and is a privilege not often granted to ordinary mortals.

BENJAMIN WILLIAM BRIDGMAN, A.M.
Professor of Physics

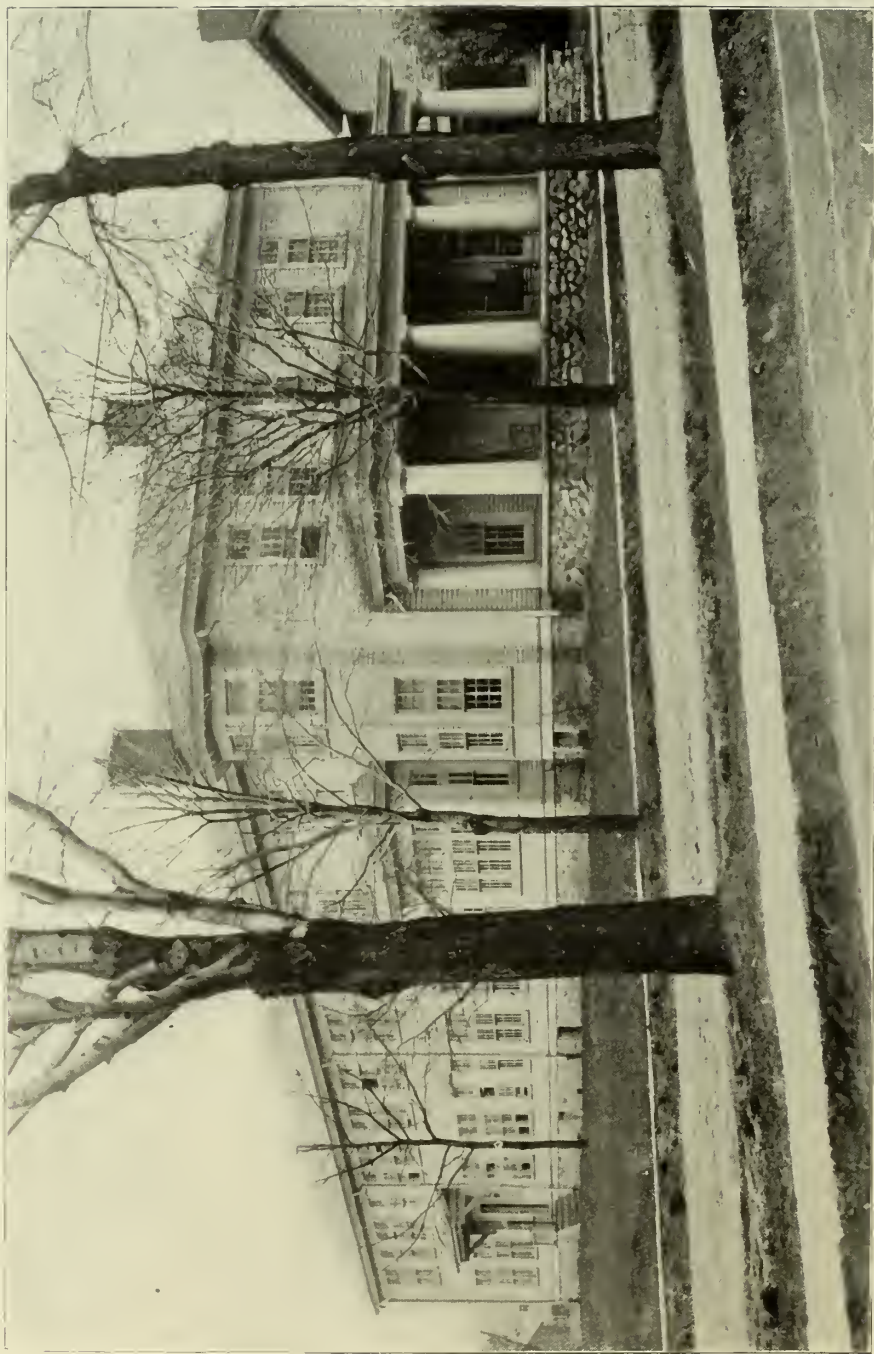
Professor Bridgman is one of our most popular faculty members. He came to Westminster seven years ago from the University of Wisconsin. At that institution he had the advantage of working with some of the leading scientists of the day. His record at Westminster is one of steady progress, as is attested by the increasing number of students that elect his courses. While the greater part of his success is due to his ability in his chosen work, yet much of it is due also to the fact that he is always ready and willing to help a person in need.



OWEN W. MILLS, A.M.
Professor of Biology and Geology

Professor Mills is a man of strong likes and dislikes, and more than once has come into the limelight with a seething denunciation of football, or with a glowing defense of the purple grackle. His hobbies are photography and bird trips, and he pursues both with quiet enthusiasm. It is in the lecture room and laboratory, however, that Professor Mills excels,—there his deep knowledge and wide reading make him an interesting and efficient instructor, whose one aim is to bring the facts of his subject to the students.





THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

WILLIAM WILSON CAMPBELL, A.M.

Director of Music

Director Campbell, better known to the student as "Peter Willie," must be given credit for establishing the Department of Music on its present basis. His wide spread reputation as an artist and teacher has brought an ever increasing number of music students to the College. In addition to his regular teaching, Mr. Campbell directs the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs and the Chorus. If anyone doubts his "official ear," ask one of the first tenors for particulars. Mr. Campbell is also Graduate Manager of Athletics.

MISS CORINNE MERCER, A.B.

Secretary, College of Music

Miss Mercer has filled the position of secretary in the College of Music in an able manner since 1908. Her principal duties are answering Mr. Campbell's voluminous correspondence, and preventing co-education in the practice rooms. In addition to these services Miss Mercer keeps order about the Music Hall, guards Mr. Campbell against intrusion, and teaches Theory and Musical Composition. Miss Mercer's quiet disposition, kind manner, and willingness to help each student make her a general favorite among the musically inclined.



MISS NONA YANTIS, B.S.

Teacher of Pianoforte

The lack of space prevents us from telling all the good qualities of Miss Yantis,—anyone especially interested is referred to the "Who's Who" column in the "Holcad." Suffice to say here that Miss Yantis is a teacher of much ability, and an artist of considerable reputation. Her natural musical ability has been augmented by years of preparation, including several seasons of study under the best masters of Europe. Her pleasant, cheerful manner has made her a very popular teacher.



MISS MARY DOUTHETT
Instructor in Pianoforte

Miss Douthett is a graduate of Westminster's Department of Music, and for several years has been instructor in pianoforte. She understands her work thoroughly, and her success as a teacher is shown by the rapid advancement of her pupils. Miss Douthett is an artist of wonderful technic and unerring interpretation. As an accompanist she has been highly praised by many visiting artists. This sketch would be incomplete without mention of Miss Douthett's knowledge of football—received by "propinquity" from the manager of the team.

WESLEY W. HOWARD
Teacher of Voice

Professor Howard is a newcomer in the Department of Music, having assumed his position in the fall of 1914. His pleasant smile and cheerful greeting has already won him a host of friends. When Professor Howard came to us he had already acquired a reputation as a singer of ability, and his work here has increased rather than decreased that reputation. Professor Howard and his wife are in demand as chaperons—you will recall the famous High School sled load of last January.



EDWARD F. KURTZ
Professor of Violin and Orchestra Music

This small but jovial and energetic individual hangs out regularly in New Castle, where he teaches almost everything from the bag-pipe to the kettle-drums. His specialty, however, is the violin. Each Wednesday he tucks this article under his arm, and rides into New Wilmington on the ten o'clock Thunderbolt, better known as the Sharpville, where he ministers to the needs of his pupils. Professor Kurtz is the conductor of the New Castle Symphony Orchestra, and enjoys an enviable reputation both as a musician and composer.



DR. ROBERT McWATTY RUSSELL, D.D., LL.D.
Our President and Friend



MISS LUCIE M. MANLEY
Director of Art

Miss Manley has held her present position since 1908, assuming it after several years of private study in New York, Boston, and Europe, and some experience as a teacher. Her work at Westminster has been highly successful, and each year attracts a goodly number of students. Miss Manley herself is an artist of considerable ability, and she seems to know the knack of giving each student the benefit of her knowledge. Even a casual survey of the pictures during an exhibition will show the efficiency of her work.



Department of Art



THE ART SCHOOL shares the third floor of "Old Main" with the Library and the Public Speaking Department. The studio, to quote from the catalogue, is well equipped with the requisite easels, casts from the antique, and still life models. There, for several hours each day, work a coterie of young ladies who are ambitious to follow the footsteps of Rembrandt and J. Montgomery Flagg. Their work (if the judgment of an outsider is worth anything) is equal if not superior to the paintings of the so-called "Old Masters." For our artists do not spend their time painting groups of long extinct saints with the figure of the reigning pope displayed prominently in the midst, and with numerous cherubim forms arranged with happy disregard of perspective, but they restrict themselves to the portrayal of things as they really are.

For after all what is art but the perception and skilful adaptation of the beautiful in life—and even the most simple objects have a beauty of their own. And art for art's sake is not enough,—although great enjoyment may be had from appreciation alone,—but art must be used for the betterment and enrichment of everyday life.

The Department provides an excellent course of instruction, all of which is individual, and is adapted to the needs of each student. There is offered a General Art Course, a Normal Art Course, and Courses in Design, Scientific Drawing, and China Decoration. There are two exhibitions each year, one at the end of each semester.



ELBERT R. MOSES, PH.B.
Professor of Public Speaking

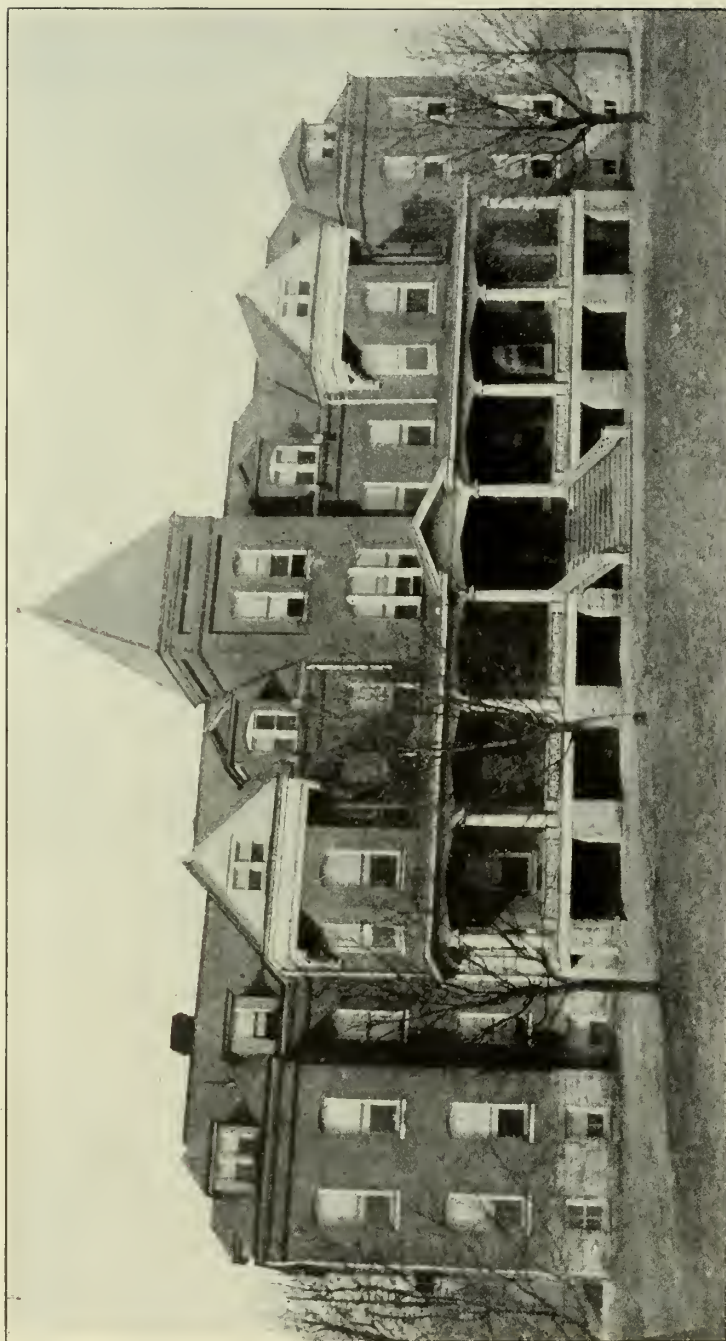
To say that Professor Moses "made" the Department of Public Speaking would be, perhaps, an exaggeration. A large share of the credit belongs, to him, however, for before his arrival the Department was practically a nonentity, while it is at present one of the best of its kind in the state. In addition to teaching four or five courses, Professor Moses coaches the debating teams, directs several plays each year, and trains the Junior Orations. Along all these lines his work has met with great success. If you wish to become his eternal enemy talk to him about ten-dollar roosters, "Macbeth," or the folly of giving Junior Orations.



Department of Public Speaking

PUBLIC SPEAKING has exerted an important influence in the history of the nations of the world. Demosthenes, with his silvery tongue, charmed the inhabitants of ancient Hellas. Cicero, denouncing Catiline in the forum roused the Roman Senate to action. Bernard of Clairvaux fired the chivalry of France with a desire to recover the Holy City. Patrick Henry's stirring speech sent many a wavering patriot to the battleline. And in our own day the Honorable Secretary of State speaks to vast Chautauqua audiences, painting vivid pictures of the virtues of grape juice as a beverage.

It is on account of the great importance of Public Speaking that this department was created at Westminster. Six distinct courses are offered,— Oral English, Public Address, Extempore Speaking, Argumentation, Bible Reading, and Dramatic Expression. All of these courses are under the personal charge of Professor Moses. The most popular course is that in Dramatic Expression. This class produces two plays each year, one at the end of each semester. At present the class is working on Booth Tarkington's well-known drama, "The Man From Home," with a view towards its presentation in June. The department has charge of the coaching of the school debaters and orators, as well as supervision of the annual attempts at oratory by the members of the Junior Class. Professor Moses has also a number of private students.



THE HILLSIDE

MISS HELEN MARTIN, B.S.
Dean of Women



Most of us know little more about Miss Martin than that she is the official guard at the entrance of the sancta sanctorum familiarly known as the Hillside. Just two years ago, however, Miss Martin (who was then known as "Helen") was an undergraduate of Westminster, with the reputation of being an industrious student and a star basket ball player. After her graduation Miss Martin was offered the difficult position of Dean of Women, and has since filled it very acceptably. The co-educationally inclined will probably remember her as a chaperon and a dispenser of "limits." More or less unruly members of the "Hillside Family" will remember her tours of inspection with the inevitable flashlight. But in spite of her faithful performance of these unpopular duties, we will always think of her as a kind and a true friend.

The Hillside

FROM a feminine point of view, all New Wilmington may be divided into three parts,—the Town, the Senior Lodge, and the Hillside. A few of the young ladies live in the Town, more of them at the Senior Lodge, but by far the most of them inhabit the mansion of mansions, the palace of palaces,—the Hillside.

"To get down to brass tacks," as the saying goes, the Hillside is a large brick building with accommodations for about ninety young women. It is bounded on the north by the Senior Lodge, on the south by the McElree House, on the east by the road to the Junction, and on the west by green fields and waving forests that roll away into the distance until they blend in a pianissimo of glorious color with the wondrous hues of an autumnal sunset. (That last sentence is copyrighted by Dr. Marsh, of Washington's Birthday fame.)

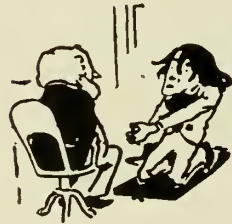
We may as well state that when we speak of the Hillside we include the "Annex." They are, for all practical purposes at least, inseparable. The "Annex" may be regarded as a place where they hold the overflow meetings from the Hillside, also as the place where the "Hillside family" procure their daily bread and butter (not to mention mashed potatoes).

To be serious, the Hillside is one of the best equipped dormitories in the state, and no expense has been spared to make it comfortable and attractive. It is the most beautiful of the College buildings.

PERRY ANDREW KUHN



For statistics as to the exact number of cubic feet of snow Perry has removed from the walk, of tons of coal he has placed in the furnace, of trillions of blades of grass he has cut, of pounds of chewing gum he has taken from behind the radiators, please refer to the pages of former "Argos." This little sketch is merely an appreciation of one who has served the College most faithfully and zealously for more than thirty years. Like our predecessors, our class has caused Perry infinite labor removing paint, posters, and other evidences of "deeds of darkness," but his patience and good nature has won our lasting respect. Perry is the cordial friend of students, faculty, and alumni. We assure him of our regard and best wishes.



"DR." JACOB WEBER

Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, Head of the Department of Sanitation, President of the Society for the Prevention of Dust, Official Window-cleaner.

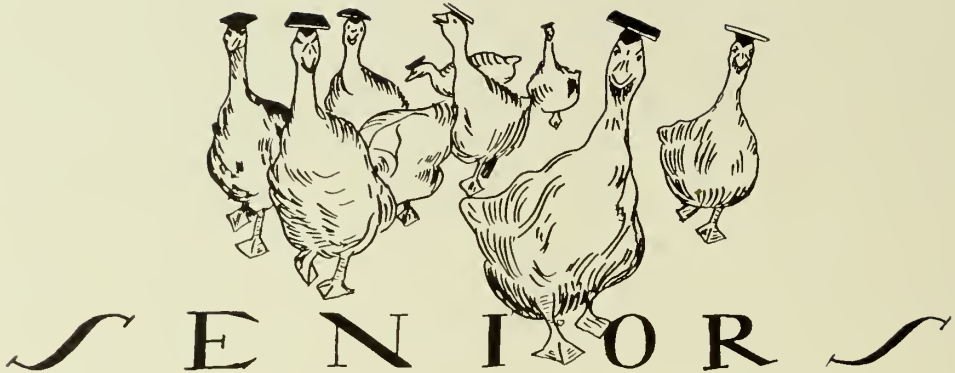
When we returned to school last fall from the joys of a summer vacation, we were greeted by a quiet-mannered young man who, with eloquent words and marvelous erudition, requested us to refrain from expectorating behind the radiators, whistling in the halls, or drawing cartoons on the newly-painted walls. Upon inquiring who the new faculty member was, we learned that he was "Dr." Jacob Weber (usually called "Jake"), the possessor of the titles noted above. "Jake" has made a reputation as a speaker in mass meeting, and as a candidate for the presidency. We've got to hand to it "Dr." Weber for keeping the buildings and grounds in spick and span condition. His motto is, "I must dust or bust."





CLASSES





Senior Class History

YES, little Freshmen, we have finally reached the goal of your endeavors—Seniority, although it seems like aeons since we were invited to hazing parties, participating in class scraps, or making futile attempts at getting Sarah Bellum acquainted with the Binomial Theorem.

The past rises before us like a dream. How well we remember being whizzed into the Sharpsville station along with a horde of other "seekers after truth," how we threaded our way through the traffic-congested thoroughfares of New Wilmington, spurning Allan's taxi, and at last our wonderment as we inspected the Gym, shook hands with Perry Kuhn and other members of the faculty! For a time we were homesick for maw and paw and the old oaken bucket, but gradually our melancholy dissolved under the alchemizing influence of Canby, Professor Shaffer, and other alluring subjects.

Those were the days that are marked in our memories with red asterisks the size of a sunset. Associated with "Mad Anthony" Wayne's night-capture of Stony Point, will be our midnight coup of the flagrush. As Freshmen we carried off honors in relay and inter-class meets. Nor were we one-sided. If you had attended the Junior-Freshman banquet that year you would have heard our chivalry and social talents voiced in Bill Sankey's eloquent tribute to Westminster's fairest. Scarcely had we entered upon the term's work than our intellectual current began displaying its magnetic affinity for brain work, and (continuing the dynamic metaphor) naturally the Solons were somewhat "shocked" at our mental candle-power.

Eventful too, was our Sophomore year. What a superiority we felt as we looked with contempt upon the lowly Freshmen as he stumbled confusedly through the red-tape of registration, and how we gloated at the sight of him quailing before the stony stare of Prof. Bridgman! With what delight did we spend the wee sma' hours of the night initiating the first year men into the awful mysteries of "The Ancient Order of the Paddle." And then there were class feeds and sled rides and laurels won in the class room.

Juniors! That magic word will always bring to our memories a com-



LAWRENCE M. STEWART
The President of the Senior Class

posite picture of Argos, Affinities and Actinic rays of intellect. Of course you know where we got the last. You have heard of the Junior Plague, if you have never suffered infection. Shall we ever forget that eventful evening when Prof. Moses held us up to the merciless mob in the Arena? Yes, indeed, we were martyrs. And there were quiet strolls through Shaky Hollow, or along the cinder path, or under the friendly stars at the hazard of "limits." You see we were always an exponent of Aristotelean ideas and exoteric education. Nor must we forget our launching of the good ship "Argo" with Editor "Mac" at the helm, and its bon voyage. Only last week we heard of a missionary in Darkest Africa who asserted he had used our literary "chef-d'oeuvre" as light reading for his dusky disciples. Behold how far that little candle threw its beams.

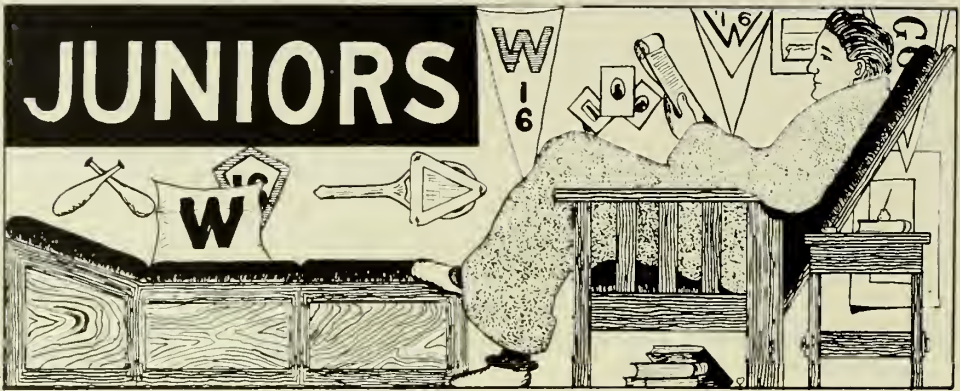
Shakespeare, you were mistaken. There are really only four ages. Freshman-Sophomore-Junior-and Senior are we. We have fluttered our intellectual way from chrystalis to image, and now we stand, full-grown, emerged from our college-cocoon, and anxious to test our strong young wings in the world.

Commencement Day, with its caps and gowns, its joys and sorrows, its associations and separations, its rewards and diplomas, is upon us. We have lived our allotted eight semesters and found them good. We have striven with heart and brain and sinew during our college days to uphold the Blue and White on every occasion and, as we leave the halls of Old Main, we carry with us the ideal of service which will reflect naught but glory upon our beloved Alma Mater.

Yes, we are Seniors. Saturated with solemnity, if you please; effervescent with erudition, and soon to be invested with a diploma that we may go forth into the great rugged world and fight the battles of humanity. Will we win? Just watch us. We have the fire and adventuresomeness of youth, and Ambition is tugging at our elbow. Also,—we care not what lies beyond the Alps—be it Montessori or macaroni. It will be enough to see America first.







History of the Reign of '16

AND it came to pass on the eighteenth day of the ninth month in the sixteenth year from the founding of the College that a mighty and aggressive class began to reign in Westminster. One day old was this class when it began to reign; and it reigned four years in Westminster. Now this class was honored and glorified above all other classes that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the seers and sages saying, "A mighty people shall arise in Westminster, a people filled with wisdom whose fame shall increase and become known throughout all the length and breadth of the land."

And in the first year of the reign of this warlike tribe it went up to do battle with all the neighboring tribes, nations and kingdoms and it subdued them and made slaves of them and made them to pass under many yokes. In this, the first year of its reign, '16 established its power and influence in the halls of Westminster. And the rest of the acts of this class during the Freshman year, how it won in football, basket ball, track and in the intellectual life of the College, are they not written in the books of the chronicles of the Powers that be?

Now it came to pass in the first month of the second year of the reign of '16 that the Freshmen class of '17 gave an insignificant squeak, popped its green puff-ball out of oblivion, and in a most presumptuous manner spread abroad its intention to dethrone the king of the Sophomores. Thereupon the king of the Freshmen gathered together his hosts, arose early in the morning and come up to destroy the king of the Sophomores. And behold the fields of the college activities were black with the hordes of Freshmen come up to do battle. Now the king of the Sophomores stood up before his army and spake unto them, saying, "Draw thy swords, O men of '16, and spare not thine adversary for this year shall much green blood be shed." And immediately the armies of '16 joined in battle with the hordes of Freshmen and put them to flight and pursued after them and overtook them in the Gymnasium, in the Hillside and in the other fastnesses of the country and slew them and a mighty host of the Freshmen fell that year.

And it came to pass in the first month of the third year of the reign of '16 that a miracle appeared in Westminster, a Freshman class with green bodies, yea, even a supernatural phenomena appeared. Then it was that the Princes of '16, acting in common with their brethren, the Princes of '15, arose and said, "Make thy heads green to match thy bodies." And the Freshmen arose and said unto them, "Behold the thing is an abomination unto us and we will not do as thou commandest." Then the Princes of the upper classes spake quietly and said, "Make thy heads green like unto thy bodies or they shall become white even as the whiteness of milk." But the Freshmen willed not to do as they were commanded. And in the darkness, even the darkness of midnight, swift feet sped through the land, and in the morning the heads of the Freshman had become a sickly white, yea, even as the whiteness of milk. Then it came to pass that the Freshmen rose up with one accord and said, "Let our beans become very green."

And it also came to pass in the third year of the reign of '16 in the land that the Powers that be came forth and spake unto the Princes of '16 and said "Spout!" The Princes of '16 said unto them, "What shall we spout?" Then the Powers that be shouted, "Junior Orations." Now the Princes of '16 were extremely modest and unwilling to show their wisdom; but the Powers that be urged them with much urging to give Junior Orations. Then it was that the Princes of '16 arose with one accord and delivered Junior Orations; and the hall of the land reverberated with the wisdom and power displayed. And great wonder filled the breasts of all nations at the eloquence of the Princes of '16; and it was said throughout all the land that the order of them was higher than any that had gone before.

Now the rest of the acts of '16 and all that they did, both mighty and great, are they not written in the books and minds of the Powers that be, and in the book of the Chronicles of the Historians, and before all in the hearts and souls of the Princes of '16. "Sunto Perpetua."





CHARLES MELVILLE MCQUISTON, Struthers, Ohio

*"Butch," Captain 1915 Football Team, Assistant Business Manager "Argo,"
"Holcad" Staff, Debating Team, Class Basket Ball, Crescent Club*

Our football star, society man, and student,—*"Butch"* came to us from Rayen in 1912 and has been one of our best friends ever since. Whether in the class-scrap, football game, or class room he has always been a credit to himself and his class. His good work on the gridiron has won for him the captaincy of the 1915 team. All of his time is not spent in football and study for he finds time for his musical education. This he acquires more from association than study. A chance to *"kid"* someone is his chief delight. Whatever may be his life's work we predict for him the success so characteristic of his college career.

HANAVAN ALDERMAN, Sharon, Pa.

"Hannibal," Junior Contest, Crescent Club



At the beginning of our freshman year Hanavan slipped into town with "Ted" Buckley, "Chaunce" Canon, and other celebrities from Sharon High School. During his first year he remained in comparative obscurity, shunning "Hillside" girls, and College activities with equal antipathy. During his sophomore year Professor Moses decided that he was a great actor, and since then "Hannibal" has had leading parts in the various plays. We will never forget his pathetic rendition of "Buck Fanshaw's Funeral" in the Sophomore Contest. Hanavan's chief hobbies are studying psychology, going out for debate, and fussing the ladies. Alderman is a good student, and his desire for knowledge and willingness to work for it will, we predict, insure him a successful career no matter what line of work he takes up.

CHARLES BELL, Sharpsville, Pa.

"Charlie," Holcad Staff

Charles came to college—as he says,—for the purpose of learning how to become an expert civil engineer. If he were able to give his undivided attention to his work we believe he might succeed, but Charles feels called upon to pay weekly visits to some "fayre ladye" down in Sharon, which proceeding takes much of his time. It is probably this devotion to the girl "back home" that prevents him from beginning a steady case here at school. Charles possesses marked ability as a student, especially where science and mathematics are concerned, and because he keeps quietly and persistently at work, we believe that he will eventually make his mark in the world.



RALPH BELL, Sharpsville, Pa.

"Adolph," Neshannock Club



"Adolph" is Charlie's big brother. Every morning he comes into town via the famous Sharpsville, and with a look of eagerness seeks these classic halls of learning. A girl once remarked that he has a humorous something about him that gives him a "charming personality." Ralph is a good student and became famous as a member of our class debating team. His deep, sepulchral tones, once heard, will never be forgotten. Ralph possesses exceptional ability as a playwright, and holds down a chair in Smith's select drama class. Here's hoping he lives long enough to put William Shakespeare completely in the shade.

ANNA BONE, Columbus, Ohio

"Bones," Girls' Glee Club

Forth from the city of Columbus, Ohio, in the fall of 1914 there came a slender dark haired girl, "Bones." She soon made a place for herself in the musical world at Westminster. She is one of our best musicians, at present holding the position of pianist of the Girls' Glee Club. "Bones" is always in a good humor, never cross or grumpy; always ready to laugh at a joke whether it be at her expense or others. This unfailing good humor, together with her cheerfulness and ability, has already gained a host of friends. So far "Bones" has not bothered much about the so-called stronger sex,—perhaps she has given her heart to someone back home. We are glad to welcome her as a member of the already famous class of 1916.



MARGARET BROWN, McDonald, Pa.

"Peg"

Little Peg Brown, quiet, gentle, and unassuming, holds a place all her own in the hearts of her fellow-students. It is impossible to give a definite impression of her in a few words, for to appreciate her one must know her well. Even then it is impossible to describe her as anything but "just herself, dear little Peggy Brown." Peg declares with much decision that she has never known what it is to feel the call of the city. Like Professor Troup, she is not to be hurried, but for him who can wait patiently to receive it she has a fund of droll wit combined with sound philosophy which does one's heart good to find.

EDWARD V. BUCKLEY, Sharon Pa.

Football Captain 1914, Track Captain 1915, Class Basket Ball Captain, Assistant Editor "Argo," Glee Club, Kelly Club

No one knows just why "Ted" came to Westminster. Perhaps, as "Doc" Moore says, he dreamed of a beautiful maiden and came here to "Hunt her." At any rate, "Ted" has made for himself an enviable reputation as society man, athlete, and student. His work as quarterback on two of the best football teams Westminster ever had has made him the idol of aspiring athletes, while his good looks have smitten the hearts of the girls, so that a score or more worship him as a veritable Apollo. His principal amusements are kicking field goals, writing Junior Orations, and strolling with "Charlie." "Ted" is cheerful and friendly to all, and is by far the most popular man in the class. If his college career is at all indicative of the future, we are safe in predicting for "Ted" a happy and successful life.



AGNES BURTON, Eastbrook, Pa.

Central Board, Junior Contest



Agnes is a little dark haired girl whose enthusiasm and ability make her a valued member of our illustrious class. She is one of the few girls who are more interested in the "arts and sciences" than in strolling and kindred co-educational diseases. Rumor has it that Agnes actually studied her Psychology lessons. It is not to be understood, however, that she is a book-worm. For from it! She is always ready to drop Taylor's "Logic" or Cummock's "Choice Readings" to engage in a frolic of any kind, and never permits her studies to interfere with her regular college work. Agnes manages to get a good time out of life, and her cheerfulness and unfailing good nature have made her one of the most popular members of our class.

CLARA BELLE CUMMINGS, Eastbrook, Pa.

Clara Belle hails from Eastbrook, Pa., a suburb of New Castle and New Wilmington. After graduating from Eastbrook High School her aspirations took her to Slippery Rock, where she graduated from the Normal School. Clara is not the kind that stays long on the lower rungs of the ladder, and after teaching a few years she turned toward Westminster as a place where she might further prepare herself for her work. She was once a member of 1917 but she soon decided that, since 1916 was a far superior class, she would join us and take the course in three years. Here's success to Clara in whatever she undertakes.



WILLIAM IRA GRUNDISH, Pittsburgh, Pa.
"Bill," Editor-in-chief "Argo," Debating Team, "Holcad Staff," Cheer Leader, Junior Contest, Class Basket Ball, Crescent Club



The first question of a certain Irish immigrant landing at Ellis Island was, "Is there a government in this place?" He was informed that there was. "Well," he replied, "I'm agin it." For Ellis Island put New Wilmington, and for the Irishman our short, smiling Teuton, Bill Grundish. Bill was probably the freshest Freshman that ever wielded a paint brush at Westminster. Bill would like to be remembered as a hard-headed nut who bluffed the faculty, and beat Tub Fulton out of a nickel in a deal on old chairs. The other Grundish is the dreamer who writes stories for pleasure and poetry about the beauty of a crowded city street. Fate may make him a business man with a taste for Ibsen, or a literary light with a lot of hard sound sense. In either case he will be hard to keep down.

WALTER HART, New Wilmington, Pa.
"Walt," Art Editor "Argo," Crescent Club

Goodness knows how many years ago, amid alligators, frogs, and bulrushes along the Nile was born a roly-poly boy. This wee specimen of humanity developed into our heavy weight friend, "Beef" Hart. Walt's specialty is shooting everything and everybody with his little camera (he used to shoot with a real gun but a \$23 fine for killing robins cured him of his habit). "Beef" has served faithfully on the football squad, and distinguished himself by a sensational run against Hiram. He is possessed of rare humor and artistic ability—witness the Art Department of this book. On the whole he is a mighty fine fellow, and has a good "hart."



GENEVIEVE HOUSTON. New Wilmington,
Pa.



Genevieve is a quiet unassuming girl—so quiet, in fact, that most of us know little else about her than that she is a good student, that she lives in town, and that her father owns a hardware store. These things alone would, no doubt, entitle her to membership in our class, but her close friends add other virtues. We are told that Genevieve is a ready and entertaining talker, with a kind-heartedness and a desire to please that makes her the very best kind of a friend. We will not tax our rather shaky knowledge of English to find a quotation of poetry with which to close this short sketch, but will merely give Genevieve our best wishes for an unclouded future.

ANNA MARIE JAMISON, Turtle Creek, Pa.

Westminster, early in the twentieth century, offered an attraction for this small maiden from Turtle Creek, Pa. That attraction was an A. B. degree. Marie entered in 1911 as a sub and ever since has been toiling forward, sharing the joys and the glories of the 1916 class. Marie has an affliction like so many other Westminsterites—she is labeled “Minister’s daughter.” Probably that is the reason she has never been nicknamed. Anyhow, she is always ready to come to one’s assistance when called, even “auf Deutsch.” Very quiet and reserved and not fond of show, Marie is sometimes misunderstood: that real acquaintance portrays a depth to her generous, kind-hearted disposition that is oft-times overlooked.

“She’s got a happy feeling in her most all the time.”



ARTHUR JEWELL, New Wilmington, Pa.

"King"

Behold, King Arthur! A man wise in worldly wisdom, willful, wayward, and worthy stands before you. He is undertaking to conquer the world of New Wilmington, not by use of military tactics (although Arthur is an apt pupil of General Wood's summer school) but by reason and philosophy. Arthur possesses remarkable ability as a thinker, and, we hope, will some day awaken the world with a revolution of ideas. He is a loyal member of our class, and although he has not been able to carry our banner in the front line of physical activity, yet he has given his support when the downfall of the nation's foreign policy was at stake. We are glad to know him as a student and a man. We hope he will prove a worthy antagonist of Professor James in his life work.

MILDRED JEWELL, New Wilmington, Pa.

Mildred hails from far famed New Wilmington, not by chance, but because she prefers it from experience to the sunny skies of Sunny Colorado. The faculty began polishing this "Jewell" in her sub-freshman year by initiating her into the Classical Course (we are glad to note, however, that although she was exposed to Greek for three years, she never took it). In the beginning of her Junior year, Mildred was lured to music by the irresistible siren songs from the Music House. We rejoice in her rapid progress and hope she may "scale" high! The class of 1916 finds Mildred a loyal member and her many friends find her sympathetic and jolly.



EMILY JOHNSON, New Wilmington, Pa.

"I'll walk where my own nature would be leading;

It vexes me to choose another guide."



The accompanying picture is not of the Emily who penned the above lines, but of our 1916 Emily of "ditto" spirit. Whether the malady comes with the name, we cannot say. Sufficient to note that hers is an unselfish "walking." Energetic and practical, she puts her whole heart into whatever comes her way—whether it be lessons, fun, Y. W. work, or a "scrap." She is so brim full of school and class spirit that she even mourns over the fate of the banquets. In her gentle moods she hies her to the art room and daubs for long hours. We are glad to claim her a member of our class.

JAMES HARVEY JOHNSON, Canonsburg, Pa.

Manager Track Team 1914, Crescent Club

This budding specimen of good nature hails from the rural wilds of Washington County. "Ruff," as he is familiarly called, joined our class in its adolescent stage, but his prep year is practically a blank since it was one long period of somnolency. The next year, however "Ruff" "got hep to himself" and joined the "pig-skin chasers," among whom he has won the "rep" of being "the best center the scrubs ever had." He also showed exceptional ability as manager of the track team, and again as treasurer of his class. In spite of his many successes "Jim" possesses a becoming modesty which gleams out through his radiant geniality like the "flaming Aurora" through the "rosy-fingered dawn." Verily, he is a "good scout."



MARY BIRD KINCAID, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Kinks," Y. W. C. A. Cabinet



In the fall of 1912 "Kinks" came to us from out the smoke and grime and soot of Pittsburgh, just as a beautiful lily raises itself above the dark waters of the swamp. Her life since that time has been rather eventful. During her first year lured by "Jinny" and "Footie," she tried her fortune with the class of 1914, lately deceased. Last year she entered 1917. This year, learning at last to recognize true worth, Mary entered our famous class. Being good natured as well as good looking, she quickly became a favorite, and we are glad to claim her as a classmate. We must not forget to mention Mary's "cases," which have been many and exciting. All in all, "Kinks" is a valuable member of our College world.

MARIAN KITCH, Sharpsville, Pa.

*"Kitchy," House President, Literary Editor
"Argo"*

Say what you will about the little "Sharpsville," it more than redeemed itself for all its deficiencies when it brought "Kitchy" to us. "Kitchy" is a treasure. She is one of the few people who are original and individual. Ever since her arrival at our little college her personality has dominated and charmed those about her. All her mannerisms, her laugh, her unique expressions are as strictly "Kitchy's" as though labeled and copyrighted. She has always taken an active part in our college life, in both class and school affairs. She is popular with the boys because of her frank, jolly, open nature, and loved by the girls because—well, just because she is "Kitchy."



CORA LOUISE LIGO, Volant, Pa.



Louise is noted for her ability as a student. When we say she is a front-row student of fourth year Greek, you will understand that a little thing like driving to school some four-below morning doesn't dash her at all. As another example in courage it may be noted that she is the only person in school who elected Junior Physics this year—except twenty-seven boys! There is just one dark spot in this girl's career,—she almost got expelled once. It was in 1912. She had measles and got her hair cut. That made her look like a cute twelve-year-old, and the faculty was in serious doubt for awhile whether or not to permit such a child to remain in College. Only extra good scholarship saved Louise from being sent back to High School, but to our relief she was allowed to stay as one of the pillars of a fine class.

WALTER HIRST LINDSEY, Sharon, Pa.

"Judge," Class Basket Ball, Junior Contest, Manager Track 1915, Business Manager "Argo," Glee Club, Van Club

"Judge" is another of the illustrious sons of Sharon High School, who first blessed (?) these sacred halls in the fall of 1912. With his broad smile and pleasing disposition he soon won a firm place in the hearts of his classmates. Walter is a man of no mean ability, though his college life has been confined to music, Greek, and the art of co-education (when the discipline committee did not cruelly interfere). He looks forward to the time when he will have the dignified letters M. D. affixed to his name. There is no doubt but that he will take his place as a leader of men, as everybody will agree, who has ever heard him manfully lead the Glee Club in its college yells. A host of friends wish him success.



AGNES LITTLE, Pittsburg, Pa.

"Ag"

This little girl (please excuse the pun) graduated from Pittsburgh Central High in 1912, and, after spending a year beneath the paternal roof, she decided that Westminster was the best place to develop her individual talent. So she packed her trunk came to this thriving metropolis, thoughtfully matriculated, and settled down to study Greek. In the fall of 1914, after observing carefully, Agnes decided to enter the class of 1916, and she made a welcome addition to that august body. "Ag" appears rather quiet and sedate, but we have it on good authority that she and her roommate "Fish" plot lots of mischief together. Agnes is noted for her kind heart,—one girl remarked that "Ag would give away her last hairpin to a needy friend."

HARRIET ELIZABETH LONG,

New Wilmington, Pa.

"Betty," Junior Contest

Betty has been a loyal member of our class since its infancy in the prep department. Being a "town girl" we had always considered Betty a privileged character until informed that even she might be gently but firmly persuaded to take a trip on the "limited." From the above the gentle reader may guess that she is an adept in the art of co-education. Her fellow students along that line thought she was ready to graduate in that course but from all appearances she is taking a post-graduate finishing touch this year. There are just two things that worry Betty,—Junior Orations, and how to get through her college work and still spend as much time with Harvey as possible. For the rest, she pursues the even tenor of her way, proving herself a good comrade and a fast friend.



MARIE LYTLE, Washington, Pa.

Junior Contest

Like so many of the famous ones of by-gone days whose life histories have been sung in the sacred melody of the "Argo," Marie comes from Washington County. In the beginning, the fates dealt kindly with her and granted that she might evade the first troublesome months of our college career. At the middle of our Freshman year she slipped quietly into our class. However, she soon proved to us that she was a valuable addition to the blue and gold loyalists. Whatever Marie undertakes is done with a determination which will count for something in her future. Besides being a thorough student, Marie is a merry, true friend, and we wish her all success in whatever her work may be when 1916 has embarked into the world.

EDWIN MERCER, Mt. Lebanon, Pa.

*"Merc," Baseball Captain 1915, Class
Basket Ball, Junior Contest, Van Club*

Goodness knows how many years ago the Sharpsville deposited in this village a mute, inglorious "prep," who wore a brand new suit of clothes and a worried look. This young hopeful, who answered to the name of "Edwin," gradually settled down into his new environment and discarded that worried look for one of determination. In course of time "Merc" became a bona-fide college student, and joined the class of 1916. His ability as a basket ball player won him the captaincy of the class team during his freshman year. It is as a baseball player, however, that "Ed" excels, his pitching rivalling that of "Christy" Matthewson, while his hitting puts "Honus" Wagner several degrees in the shade. Here's hoping that he makes a three-bagger every time he comes to the bat in the game of life.



JOHN MOORE MERCER, Coraopolis, Pa.

*"Johnny," Track Team, Glee Club, Class
Treasurer, Orchestra, Crescent Club*

"Johnny" comes from the little hamlet of Carnot, wherever that is! He himself attributes his ability as a two-miler to the training he received running to and from Coraopolis High School, some few miles from his native heath. John's unfailing good humor has won him a host of friends, especially among the gentler sex. "Butch" says that "Johnny" has a girl in every town within forty-seven miles (John indignantly denies this assertion). This year, at any rate, he seems to have anchored his affections in that popular Harbor of Hearts, the Hillside. "Johnny's" favorite expression is "Well, I swan!" We have no doubt that in the race of life John will finish well up with the leaders.



FITZ RANDOLPH MOORE, Lisbon, Ohio

"Doc," Kelly Club



Fitz Randolph Moore is generally known by the more convenient handle, "Doc." Lisbon High School armed said "Doc" with a sheepskin, and exiled him to Mt. Union College. At that place a bright athletic career was nipped in the bud by a bad injury to "Doc's" knee. For a while "Uncle Sam" made use of his ability in the Lisbon Postoffice. In 1913 "Doc" decided to get right with the world by joining the class of 1916. "Doc" (I mean Fitz Randolph) has a happy faculty (or a portion thereof) for strolling. As a student he turns up his nose at anything less than an A. Taken all in all, "Doc" is a good, all-round fellow, and the very best kind of a friend.

ELIZABETH CAROLYNE McMURRAY,
Cannonsburg, Pa.

"Betty," Girls' Glee Club



Elizabeth is famous because of four things. First, (and most important) she is from Washington County, the same district which gave us "Tub," "Ruff," and other celebrities. Second, she is a cousin of Tamar McMurray. Third, she sings in the Girls' Glee Club, and holds down a chair in chorus every Sabbath evening. Last, but not least, she goes with "Butch" McQuiston. "Betty" has been a loyal member of our class since the fall of 1912, taking part in our fun and frolic with enthusiasm. Her pleasant, fun-loving disposition has made her a very popular person at party, hayride, and sledload, while her spirit has made her a valuable classmate through the various vicissitudes of our college career. We wish her loads of happiness, and the best of luck.

TAMAR McMURRAY, Canonsburg, Pa.

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

Our Tiny Tim is a girl—and some girl, too!

When she entered in 1911, everybody thought that she and Elizabeth were twin sisters. In fact they are cousins; but both members of the same Washington County clan that for some time has been supplying about six per cent of Westminster's student body regularly. In addition to her numerous studies and activities, Tamar is a bona-fide philosophical Junior; and has lots of time left over for high jinks of all sorts, enacted on third floor occasionally in company with Mary Newlin. Oh yes, and speaking of laundry business, you know New Wilmington is a great place for nice washladies. Well, Tamar, among others, is associated with the "Tub," only the usual pathetic phrases don't apply—she has never been seen wearily bending over to catch his remark.



H. R. PATTON, Slippery Rock, Pa.

*"Pat," Class Basket Ball, "Holcad" Staff,
Debating Team, Crescent Club*

Along with the bright intelligent appearing squad which found their way over the hills from Slippery Rock in the fall of 1913 and hung up their hats at Westminster, was one, Haskell Patton. Without waiting for further formalities, Haskell procured an armful of books from "Tub," trotted over to his room and went to work. As a result of his industry he was able to eliminate most of his sophomore year, and we are all glad to welcome "Pat" into our midst as a full fledged Junior. Pat's industry, however, does not claim all his time; both football and basket ball come in for their share. His only bad habit is talking in his sleep about "Grub" which, "mirabile dictu," does not refer to eats. Anyhow "Pat" blushes a deep red when he hears the name.



DAVID SCHNABLE, Sharon, Pa.

*"Dave," Class President 1912-13, Y. M.
C. A. Cabinet, Crescent Club*



In the fall of 1908 when all four prep courses were flourishing, there appeared on the campus of Westminster College a little round faced Dutchman. He did not attract much attention at first but soon became recognized as a fixture in the college life. Some say that the girls elected "Davie" president in 1912, but that is hardly credible as he seldom pays much attention to their shy glances. Even the invitation by a Senior lady to the senior banquet was coldly spurned (?). Rumors tell us that a pair of blue eyes in Pittsburgh hold a spell over the boy (?). Dave is right there with the goods even if he is not a "lady fusser" like his bosom friend "Jamie."

HENRY MAXWELL SHIELDS,
Brookville, Pa.

*"Shorty," Advertising Manager "Argo,"
Manager Baseball 1913, Kelly Club*



When "Shorty" first joined the ranks of our illustrious class, two ambitions were plainly written upon his handsome (?) and classic (?) features; first, to enrich himself educationally, and, second, to enrich himself co-educationally. As to the latter, although he has met with reverses at times, we feel safe in saying that his ambition has been fulfilled, although several attempts to woo fair ladies have resulted disastrously. But as to the former,—well, we still have hopes. Co-educationally, his steps seem to lead him toward the Music Hall, while in educational pursuits he rivals "Chuck" Freeman as an authority upon Chemistry. "Shorty" himself says that he will eventually make good in both, and he, doubtless, knows best. Therefore we all join in extending to him our friendship and best wishes for success.

NEVA MIRIAM STEWART, Hubbard, Ohio

"Nemo"

Neva, or "Nemo," as she is more commonly called, hails from the "Buckeye" state. She joined the illustrious class of 1916 in its freshman year and ever since has remained a loyal member in parties, picnics, and class scraps. Miriam is a faithful music student and we predict a successful career either as a pianist or a soloist. She is always ready for any mischief, but beware when she parades the corridor as proctor. Even though industrious in her work she can be found most any time wandering through the glens hunting her favorite "berry." Neva has won a large circle of friends by her jolly and lovable disposition.



ELLA HERRON SNODGRASS,

Buffalo Village, Pa.



This young lady comes from Washington County. If you desire any information concerning the merits of said county inquire of her, for this is a subject in which she is exceedingly well versed. But seriously, if Ella is a good representative of the famous county, we wish it would send us many more students than it has already. Ella is one of the most loyal members of the class of 1916. Always happy and jolly it is a pleasure to meet her anywhere. She is a friend well worth having as all who know her can well affirm. She is the soul of loyalty and honor. Someone has said, "One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of all the earth." Such a friend is Ella.

MARGARET MARTHA TINKHAM,

Russell, Iowa

"Tink," Girls' Glee Club

One cold day in February, 1913, the choo-choo stopped at the New Wilmington Union Depot, and a tall, dark haired girl stepped from the car. This girl was Margaret Tinkham, the sister of our famous coach. The remainder of the year "Tink" spent with the Hillside family gaining hosts of friends. Whenever there was any excitement on the third floor she was sure to be in the midst of the fray. But each year brings new changes. As the strollers slowly walk home via New Castle Street they cannot help but notice the cozy little house on the corner. That is the present residence of the local branch of the Tinkham family. If you ever have spent an evening there you will not hesitate to say that Margaret is an excellent hostess. She is one of our best music students, possessing a very rich alto voice. "Tink," when you are singing in Grand Opera we hope you will remember the friends you made at Old Westminster.



VERA TOY, Mars, Pa.



Vera is another of the persons who began their college career as a member of the class of 1917, but who, influenced by the intellectual, physical, and moral ability revealed by 1916, joined our own peerless class. It is rumored that Vera was a "school marm" before coming to Westminster, and perhaps it is her experience that makes her such an apt pupil and industrious student. She specializes in English, and may be found in the library most every afternoon, poring over "The Lost World," or "The Fairy Queen," or "The Quintessence of Ibsenism," or some other classic. This last year Vera has a little brother in school, and she spends much of her time taking care of him.

ARTHUR PORTER VINCENT,

Slippery Rock, Pa.

"Art," Track Team, Kelly Club

"Art" is one of the newest members of our class, coming to us from 1917 at the beginning of last semester. We welcome him with fulness of joy, for his ability as a runner and athlete will make him a valuable addition to our track and basket ball squads. "Art" is especially noted for his work on the track team,—his speed and endurance are well nigh unbelievable, and he is fast developing into one of the best milers in the state. "Art" also holds down an end position on the scrubs, and his playing is liable to land him a varsity berth next year. His scholastic ability must also be mentioned. We wish him the best kind of luck!



MARTHA OLIVE VINCENT, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Mart," Girls' Glee Club, Assistant Literary Editor "Argo," Junior Contest

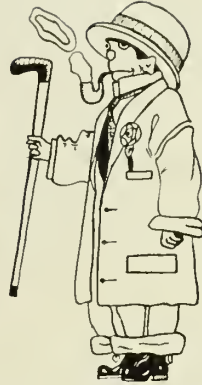


Martha is a good all round girl. She stands well up in her studies in the literary course, and in addition she has achieved considerable fame as a musician and is a valuable member of both the College Chorus and the Girls' Glee Club. And not only does she find time for all college activities, she has also taken an interest in co-education. It was that fatal day of the Freshman hay-load when Martha and Walter first discovered each other, and since then they have never been able to exhaust each other's possibilities for interesting conversation. Martha has been a success both socially and intellectually, and we are glad to claim her as a member of '16.



How They Spend Saturday Afternoons

Hanavan Alderman.....	Trying to make a date
Charles Bell.....	Pretending to be busy
Ralph Bell.....	Planning Scenarios
Margaret Brown.....	Praising life on the farm
E. V. Buckley.....	Saying "Good-Bye" to Charlisa
Agnes Burton.....	Dreaming of Home
W. I. Grundish.....	Writing attempts at poetry
Walter Hart.....	Taking Pictures
Genevieve Houston.....	Reading "Little Women"
Marie Jamison.....	Trying to decide what to do
Mildred Jewell.....	Bothering Arthur
Arthur Jewell.....	Reading Strindberg
Emily Johnston.....	Communing with nature
Harvey Johnston.....	Sleeping
Marian Kitch.....	Trying to appreciate Shelley
Louise Ligo.....	Wondering what to study next
W. H. Lindsay.....	Talking to Martha
Betty Long.....	Strolling with Harvey
Marie Lytle.....	Looking for someone to talk to
Edwin Mercer.....	Figuring up batting averages
John Mercer.....	Writing his Junior Oration
Elizabeth McMurray.....	Wondering where "Butch" is
Tamar McMurray.....	Enjoying propinquity with "Tub"
Charles McQuiston.....	Planning "Deeds of Darkness"
F. R. Moore.....	Working in the lab.
Haskell Patton.....	Trying to convert "Jimmy" Kerr
David Schnable.....	Studying his Sabbath-school lesson
Henry Shields.....	Chewing "Mail Pouch"
Neva Stewart.....	Buying supplies for Sabbath
Martha Vincent.....	Talking to Walter



The Class of 1917



IN the autumn of 1913 a big stork brought us to Westminster, and in spite of the ill luck that year is known to portend for the future of any great thing having its beginning with its cycle, we, as Freshmen of the class of 1917, were not fatalists, but on the contrary very optimistic, as our subsequent glory gives evidence we had every reason to be. Unlike all other "greenies" who had gone before us we were not Freshmen in the double sense of the word. Although green as grass we were modest and unassuming. This agreeable trait of ours was due partially to our truly admirable and praiseworthy character and partially to the excellent rule of conduct forcefully taught to us by the upper classmen, "To know and not to know that you know." Even the Sophomores, deeming the unwritten law already administered to us totally insufficient, proceeded, with philanthropic intent, one dark night to put up the tables of the law containing ten commandments for our future guidance. We, however, knowing that we had the precepts of our Alma Mater laid up in our hearts, with thoughtfulness rivaling that of the Sophs, effaced the legislative documents before the light of day. Such promptness and discretion in action gave promise of a class of incalculable worth to our Alma Mater.

One chilly October morning a manifestation of this worth was displayed in a decisive contest with our rival of the class of '16. They, after having shown toward the banner (laboriously raised by us on the athletic field the preceding night) an attitude expressing extreme hospitality, attempted to dislodge us, who were compactly drawn up beneath it in battle array. Three terrific charges we hurled back, the last in a drenching rain, and they, unable to longer withstand our fury, withdrew gloomily to their tents, while aloft as firm as steel our banner still watched over us. Elated by this our first great victory, we challenged our noble opponents to a relay race. Our spectacular



ROBERT STRATHEARN
The President of the Sophomore Class

victory on the track that year has long been a matter of comment. The Freshman team won by eight laps. This paradox may be easily accounted for by the feelings of the Sophomores when they saw their opponents warming up for the race. With sinking hearts and cold feet they declined to run, thus forfeiting the race.

But while we were achieving such successes on the athletic field we were by no means forgetful of developing our abilities in the intellectual and social spheres. After days spent in pouring over magazines and delving deep in books, three Freshmen appeared on the rostrum of Old Main one night arrayed against three Sophomores in a verbal contest concerning the Monroe Doctrine, and won a unanimous decision in their favor. We were justly proud of our achievements. It has for ages been the custom for a people to follow up a victory or a series of victories with a celebration. The Greeks danced, the Romans paraded, but we banqueted. Ah! how pleasant it was to taste the sweet fruits of victory.

On the basket ball floor we continued to add laurels to our victorious career, easily winning the championship by a large margin. Not wishing to monopolize all the honors, however, we did not claim first place in the annual inter-class field meet, but conceded it to the Sophomores, who, poorer than we in renown, needed it badly. Being inferior to us in speed, they gladly accepted the honor by virtue of their overwhelming strength with the weights. And still again we lightened their previous humiliations and appeased their natures by allowing their team to pull our boys across the river in the annual tug-of-war. In such victories there may be glory, but in such defeats there is no disgrace.

In September of 1914 we reassembled on our beloved campus with our ranks thinned by the ravages of exams of the previous June, but with a spirit resolved to do our best. The history of our Sophomore year is briefly told. On account of the overwhelming numbers of our rivals, the class of '18, we did not duplicate our victory of the previous year in the annual flag-rush. We fought long and desperately but it was of no avail. Two Freshmen to one Sophomore proved too much for our strength.

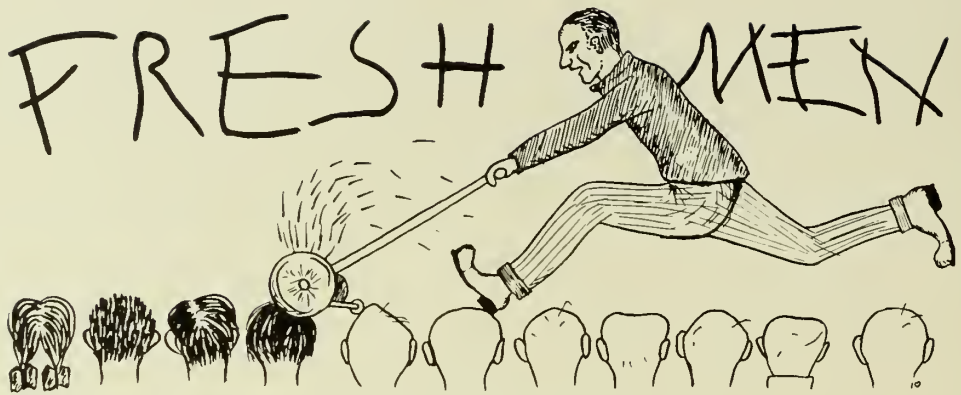
But what we lacked in numbers we made up in strategy. For weeks the Freshmen had spent sleepless nights in watchful vigils to prevent us from putting up those inevitable green posters. What was their chagrin one morning on issuing from chapel to find those green bills adhering to the sidewalks in plain view of all. Again success had crowned our efforts.

With this sweet memory of present triumph and with a bright prospect for future glory, ends the annals of the class of '17.



The Sophomore Roll

Herbert Armitage	Charles McCormick
Helen Anderson	Ralph McClurg
Ruth Beatty	Joseph McCracken
Alta Biddle	Evelyn McFarland
Katherine Bird	John McCune
Leonard Braham	Francis Mechlin
A. T. Button	Inez Mercer
J. O. Campbell	Margaret Miller
Julia Carnes	Basil Murray
Margaret Chick	Mary Newlin
Sara Clarke	Haskell Patton
Leonora Conway	Fred Reed
J. Waldron Coulter	Victoria Rice
Mary Crawford	Margaret Scott
David Cummings	Robert Smith
Earl Dart	Howard Steele
Harold Dickson	Cecil Sniff
Florence Dabelow	William Stamfer
Earl Fair	R. J. Strathern
Kenneth Igo	Kathryn Troup
Arthur Kirkbride	Courtney Wilson
L. R. Lash	J. C. Williams
Margaret Littell	Elizabeth Whitmarsh
Nannie Long	Margaret Wylie



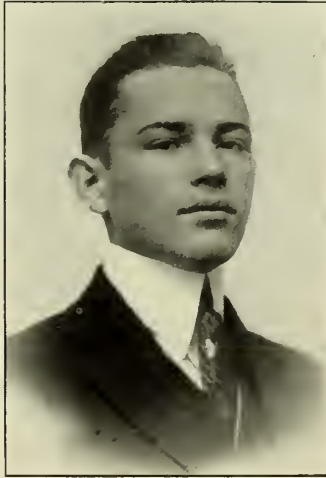
Freshman History

IT is a great pity that this history has to be autobiographical, as the noble-minded are always self-depreciatory and reserved. In the words of J. Ruskin, "I believe the first test of a truly great man is his humility." However, we know that the acute will be able to read between the lines; the Sophomores would refuse to believe anything good of us anyhow; and we cheerfully assume that no person outside of this double classification is apt to pay the price of this book for the sake of reading this article. So it is with perfect ease of conscience that we submit a very modest account of our career.

Being students of Westminster College, we have always felt that we ought to stand for what is clean and honorable. Accordingly, when it came to our ears one evening in September that a bundle of defiling and dirty posters was hidden in the untainted village, we instantly set out to destroy them. What a disappointment!—we found that they were concealed in a Sophomore den known to be so loathsome that every upright man shuddered at the thought of setting foot inside its windows. Delicacy thus balked our first plans, but the righteous cause prevailed; we effaced those polluting sheets utterly as soon as they were brought into the light (our element) by their evil-minded owners.

When this and many similar ennobling acts became notorious we were often humiliated by being mistaken for upper classmen. After very little concentrated thought we came to a solution of this distressing situation; and in due time surprised our worthy and estimable elders by appearing bedecked with class colors; the girls wearing very becoming arm-bands of pleasingly girlish cut, and the boys sporting handsome green-and-black caps (made by A. G. Spalding & Bros.)

Another of our exploits that created a surprising and altogether unpremeditated sensation was the flag-rush. Memories of the night before that little



JAMES KERR

The President of the Freshmen Class

event still tickle us; any mention of it makes us writhe in thrilling glee. First we tried to introduce several Sophomore boys into society by way of a barn dance, hoping it would give them poise and ease of manner for the more formal affair of the morning. No use. The bashful creatures cut with a pen-knife for home the minute we were out of sight. However, we had good fun with the rest of the rabble, who, compelled by the magnetism of real leadership, kept dogging our steps all night. As to the outcome of the next morning's struggle we need say nothing. Rocco Morocco, fresh from the Italian army, said it was the best fight he ever saw without guns. The Freshie girls echoed his statement, and declared themselves almost surprised by the facility with which their class-brothers mastered the opposition, such as it was.

It is only fair to ourselves to say that our achievements so far are nothing to what we would have done had it not been for the rising jealousy and spiteful backbiting of other classes. However, gentle reader, since in future time we expect to let no envy, malice, evil design, or petty persecution of any kind hinder us, you may safely anticipate from '18 the greatest wonders ever known to humanity.





The Freshmen Roll

Helen Artman
W. E. Ashbrook
Martha Bartley
Glenn Berry
William Britt
Harry Bush
F. H. Button
Mary Caldwell
Leal Calvin
Bruce Clark
Barbara Critchlow
Josephine Critchlow
Clarence Cummings
Mary Dennison
A. W. Dickson
W. G. Douthett
Walter Dunn
Beatrice Eckles
Kraeer Ferguson
George Gideon
Don Harold
Karl Hossel
D. F. Hastings
Olive Hickman
Walter Hoag
Timor Holland
J. G. Hulton
Don Igo
Ethel Igo
Helen Johnston
Josephine Keast
Ralph Kegaris
James Kerr
Gladys Krause

G. R. Law
Charlotte Logan
Thomas McComb
Fred McCrumb
John McGeogh
J. A. McLaughrey
Ney McMinn
Minnie McQuiston
J. C. Milligan
Marian Martin
Jean Moffat
G. W. Neal
Margaret Noble
Francis Perkins
William Pitts
Evert Porterfield
Ella Randall
Wilbur Randolph
Paul Schenck
Joseph Shatto
A. L. Shields
Howard Simpson
Mary Sloane
Ruth Slutz
Eugenia Speer
Maude Spencer
Lorena Stewart
Robert Stewart
Marie Thompson
Clarence Toy
Charles Vickerman
Ralph Wallace
J. V. Wherry
Ruth Wylie



Prep History

WHEN the Honorable Editor of this hear *Annule* come to Me and ast Me 2 rite the hisstory uf hour all-reddy famouse class, i tolled hymn that I did not think i wuz worthy of The Honor, and besides i new my shortcutcummins as a Historiyun. But he (i mene the Editor u no) said anny damfule cud rite the prep hisstory, and that it didnt amt. 2 much anyhow. So alltho i was shocked at his orful Profanity, I said I would undertake the Task, 4 i felt in my hart I cood rite a purty good Hisstory.

We ain' exactly a large class but we mite be called select, and we hope to grow as TIME goes on. I remember onct wen Deacon Hornswaller wuz leadin Prayermeetin down 2 hum he sed that the boy Sammule wuz Young in yeers and old in Experience, and i think that that saying from The Bibul mite bee Applide to hour class. 4 alltho we ain't old we hex scene The sunny side uf life. I remember onct (if u will pardon the Personell reference, as Mamie Jones uster sey in Christyun Endeever) how wen dad tuk me and Sal—Sal's my kid sister, u no—2 thu County Fare at Pumpkins Cornurs, i seen 2 fellers bettin on a horse race, and I sed to meself Yittell do them men reck of the Deadly danger in which they linger for *The wages of Sin is Death*.

The furst thing we seen wen we cume to towne wuz a bigg tall feller who Everywun called Jammie, and he sed to us don't 4get 2 be out to Bibul Class next Sawbuth, butt be4 we cud answer he run away and talked to a girl who we afterwurds lerned wus Mary newlin. Just them dr. RUSSELL cum along & He talked 2 us 4 a long Time, and tolled us too Refrane frum deeds of darkness, and as we dunno what They were we Promized that we wood and WE dare say Rite Here that we hev kept that Promize two hour dying day. One uf the 1st things we were tol at home wuz 2 keep promizes as well as everything else, and we are endeavoring 2 do so.

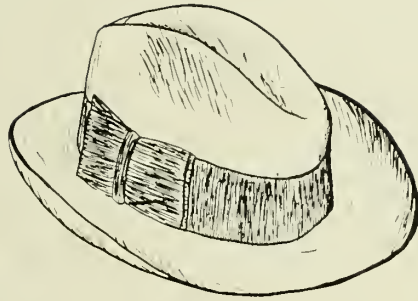
Since We kum hear to skule We hev met lots of people, butt The most interesting is a feller by the Naim of *Jake Webber*. Wen i rote 2 Mother

about him she thot he mite be sum relationship to Hiram Webber who runs the Shoe Emporium down 2 the Corners, butt i ast jake and he sed no that he had blew blud in his Vains and he did knot condeesend 2 recuznise enny of the proletareate. I am tolled that Jake is 2 b hour Presi Dent next yere, 4 Dr. rustle is goin 2 leve as u doubtless no all reddy. I think he wood make a gud presi Dent 4 he has Ginger and Enthusiasme as enny 1 nose who has saw hymn put The senyur Dog out of Chapple.

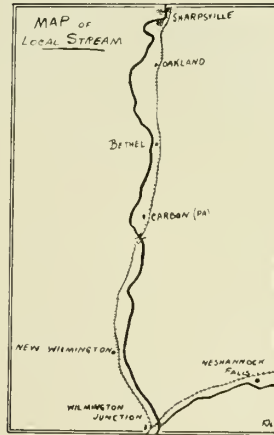
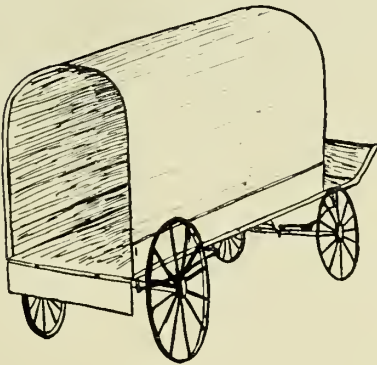
Thats all about the hisstory I no; so i guess I stop writin. I wuz goin to poot in sum poultry As a climaxe as the sayin goes, Butt i coodnut find ennything suitable. I ast Prof smith and he Murmured sumthin about a feller named Shellhe, and *King* Arthur Jewell tolled he 2 go 2 the Ruby yacht of Omar Cayenne. I looked up both them references and neithur sed Nothing about preps so they Didunt do enny good except a leetle. As fur as Poultry is consarned nune uf them guys with stuck up naims kîn beat Josh Dillerwinckle who runs the Persunnel Colyum in the *Cooltown* star, the Biggest and onley newspaper in the County. Hoping U are the Same.

—P. R. Epclass, 19?





CLUBS



The Crescent Club

Class of '15

J. Campbell Fulton
D. H. McQuiston
Frank W. Orr

Ralph Patterson
C. Ward Simpson
Lawrence M. Stewart
H. Carl Oesterling

Class of '16

Hanavan Alderman
W. I. Grundish
J. Harvey Johnston
John Mercer

Charles M. McQuiston
Haskell R. Patton
David E. Schnable
Walter Hart

Class of '17

Leonard Braham
James O. Campbell
Cooper Williams

Arthur Kirkbride
Roy Lash
Basil Murray

Class of '18

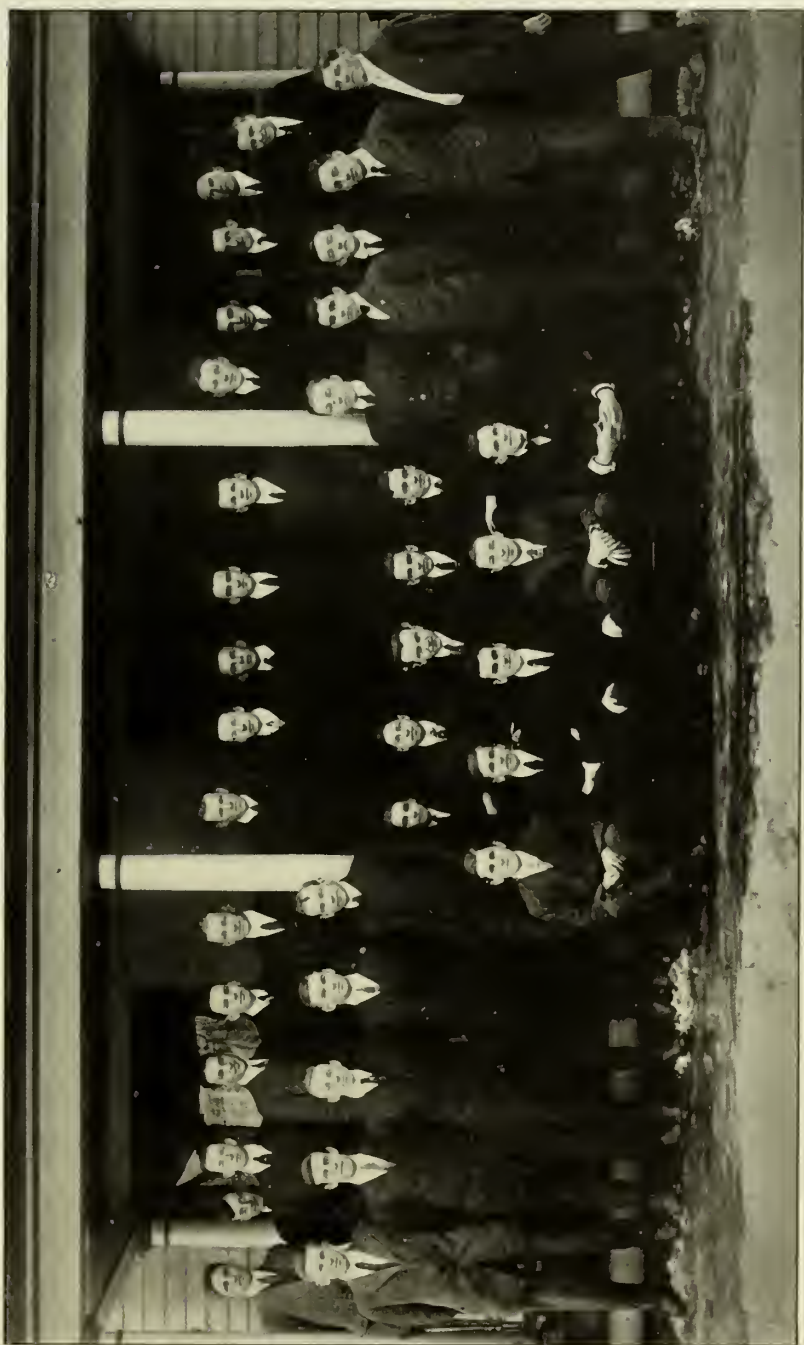
William Ashbrook
J. Glen Berry
Allen Dickson
Walter T. Dunn
George S. Gideon
Walter C. Hoag
John Hulton
Kraeer Ferguson

James Kerr
John A. McGeoch
Paul D. Schenck
Howard C. Simpson
Robert Stewart
Clarence E. Toy
Clarence Cummings
J. Wilbur Randolph

Special Students

John C. Milligan

Lloyd Baird
S. Herbert Jamison



The Kelly Club

Class of '15

D. O. McLaughry
Charles Wick

Walter Braham
Hall B. Braham

Class of '16

E. V. Buckley
Henry Shields

E. R. Moore
Arthur Vincent
Harry McCreary

Class of '17

F. R. Reed
Howard Steele
Harry Humm
David Cummings

Francis Mechlin
Joseph McCracken
J. F. McCune
Cecil Sniff

Class of '18

Thomas McComb
Ralph Wallace
Timur Holland

Dixon Stoops
Wallace Nelson
J. A. McLaughry



The Neshannock Club

Class of '15

Owen V. Shaffer
H. P. Igo

P. A. Hormel
W. C. Anderson

Class of '16

Ralph E. Bell

Class of '17

R. E. Smith
E. L. Fair
W. C. Wilson

D. R. McClurg
H. D. Dickson
B. K. Igo

Class of '18

H. B. Bush
L. B. Calvin
G. R. Law
E. L. Porterfield

D. H. Igo
K. E. Hassell
F. R. McCrumb
W. H. Beggs

Special Students

E. Bruce Clark
G. E. DeWolf
J. A. Graham

A. L. Shields
R. W. Taylor
C. W. Woods

W. O. Pitts



The Van Orsdell Club

Class of '15

C. R. Scott

J. H. McNaugher

C. O. Markle

Class of '16

W. H. Lindsay

J. H. Coleman

E. E. Mercer

Class of '17

R. J. Streathern

J. W. Coulter

Earl Dart

Alfred Button

Class of '18

George Neal

J. V. Wherry

William Britt

Fleming Hastings

William McNaugher

Powers Shatto

William Douthett

Fred Button

Don Harold

Frank Forney





CHRISTIAN



ASSOCIATIONS



THE Y. M. C. A. CABINET

The Young Men's Christian Association



THE undoubted tendency of the age is toward a social Christianity. Men are beginning to realize that real Christianity is a vital belief to be lived out seven days in the week. The Y. M. C. A. is probably the greatest agent for spreading this side of a practical Christianity. There are in North America some twenty-five hundred associations, with a total membership of six hundred thousand. These associations offer opportunities for the education and for the physical training of young men in an atmosphere conducive to the highest morality and spirituality of life.

The local association, like that in most other colleges, is not in a position to offer educational classes or gymnasium work. The appeal is largely along religious grounds. Those in charge, however, have tried to make this appeal as interesting as possible.

"Forward" has been the watchword of the Y. M. C. A. during the past school year. Under the leadership of the president, W. W. Braham, who came into the heritage of a well organized cabinet as a result of Fulton's work last year, the affairs of the association have been carried forward in an aggressive manner. Every effort has been made to interest all the students in the Christian Association work.

The Tuesday evening prayer meetings have been attended by a large number of earnest men. One delegate was sent to the Volunteer Convention held at Pittsburg last fall. Through the efforts of the Association thirteen men were sent to State during the recent Soul Winning Conference held there. These men returned deeply impressed by their visit, and have helped those of us who stayed at home by accounts of their experience.


A prayer circle was begun early in the fall. Now two circles meet each afternoon at five o'clock. The membership of the Y. M. C. A. Bible Class, which meets each Sabbath morning under the direction of Prof. Troup, has gradually increased. There has been an average attendance of about forty-five. The two periodicals, "The North American Student" and "The Sunday School Times," have been placed in every club.

The work of the year, taken as a whole, may be called a success. The spiritual outlook is the brightest the College has known in years.



THE Y. W. C. A. CABINET

The Young Womens Christian Association

HE value of the College Young Woman's Christian Association has become more and more evident. Daily we see the proofs of a broader interest and enthusiasm in the organization and the benefit there derived. We span the gap between the purely intellectual and spiritual in the product of a "more abundant life." The association proposes to develop an all-around girl,—one skilled in art, in morals, and in the deeper knowledge of her Master.

To this end the social affairs of the college are planned. The first stunt (thru practice) is planned with the Young Men's Association, in the form of a "Who's Who" party, in which the chief aim is to "get acquainted." The informal parties and other affairs of the year purpose to show the value of the truly social life. Again it is the social service spirit to which we appeal, in form of Thanksgiving dinners, flowers, cheery notes or special money gifts.

Next we sit during the weekly Tuesday evening meeting enraptured by the thoughts,—“My peace I leave with you” or “The Ideal College Girl.” Voluntary Bible study is strongly advocated and group Mission Study classes held with student leaders. Missionary giving is prompted, Mr. Howard Martin being partially supported. The securing of funds for sending Eagles Mere delegates is a large aim of the finance committee and the success of the annual bazaar shows the enthusiasm.

The Association means growth. No student can afford to miss the opportunity offered. During the past year the roll included nearly all the girl members of the College. “I am come that ye might have life and ye might have it more abundantly” is the motto we set before every student.



THE VOLUNTEER BAND

The Volunteer Band



THE Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions has been instituted in the colleges and universities of Christendom in order to enlist the interest of students in the effort to evangelize the world.

By affording a definitely formulated life-purpose to young men and women, this movement is securing most fruitful futures to many who might otherwise live out their time here aimlessly. And from the thousands in America who volunteer on the side of Christ in the world war against evil, are recruited in the ranks of the soldiers of the Cross on other continents.

Westminster has always been a fertile recruiting station for the Foreign Missionary Movement. From among her graduates have arisen many leaders in this, the ultimate sphere of Christian work. The local Band of Volunteers aims to cultivate the missionary purpose in the hearts and minds of the students. Its members meet once a week for the study of special aspects of missionary life, using as a guide for discussion the able book on this subject by Dr. Arthur J. Brown. Meetings of special prayer for particular mission, and individual petitions for divine support are arranged. Open meetings are held every month or two, which all students are privileged to attend. These open meetings have been the occasion of hearing the reports of those who have attended conventions of students interested in the Volunteer Movement, especially the recent Convention at Pittsburg.

Such members of the Faculty as Mrs. Alice McClure are active in encouraging and counselling the Volunteers in their preparation for this kind of life-work. Communications from officers on Foreign Mission Boards and from former Westminster students now at work in foreign fields, add intense reality to the Volunteers' conception of life and service abroad.

Besides the instructive and inspirational activities of our local band, there is the immediately practical work of assisting in the establishing of a new library and reading room for Christianized students in Passur, India. In this matter our board is acting through Rev. E. V. Clements, a former Westminster Volunteer, now employed in that district.

The Prohibition Association



FROM the 1914 Argo we receive the information that one bushel of corn gives four gallons of whiskey. From this whiskey the distiller gets five dollars, the saloonkeeper seven, the Government four, the railway one, the farmer fifty cents, and the consumer six months, and his wife a divorce. Therefore it was for the purpose of emptying our prisons and lessening the number of divorces that one Mr. Cramner came last fall, representing the I. P. A. (is it any relation to the A. P. A.?).

Mr. Cramner's talk in Chapel had three results. First, "Jamie" signed a pledge. Second, Ohio *almost* went dry. And third, a local branch of the I. P. A. was organized, with the following officers: President, John Milligan; Vice President, Jack Milligan; Secretary and Treasurer, J. Milligan.

At an enthusiastic meeting the league voted to send Milligan to the National Convention at Topeka, Kansas. Then began an exciting campaign to raise the necessary funds,—the College hall resembled Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, on a Red Cross tag day. There were many exciting incidents, for the collectors were as much in earnest as the executors of the income tax law. Finally all the students chipped in fifty cents, "Pete" being the last one to disgorge after an exciting chase through the suburbs of New Wilmington.

Since Christmas vacation, however, the league with commendable modesty has remained in seclusion, probably preferring to teach temperance by example rather than by precept. The Editors of this book recommend more strenuous measures. We would even go so far as to advise co-operation with the local W. C. T. U. in an aggressive campaign to drive the saloon from the peaceful streets of New Wilmington, and to remove the curse of drink from the quiet hamlets and secluded villages of Lawrence County.

At the request of the league we publish the following suggestions as to the serving of beverages:

Appetizer—Dry Pale Sherry.	With roast—Burgundy.
With oysters—Rhine Wine.	With game—Champagne.
With soup—Sherry.	With pastry—Madeira.
With fish—Chablis or Capri.	With cheese—Port.
With entrees—Claret or Chianti.	With fruit—Tokay.
With coffee—Brandy or Cordial.	

MUSIC





THE WESTMINSTER COLLEGE GLEE CLUB



The Westminster College Glee Club

THE Westminster College Glee Club was organized three years ago through the efforts of Prof. Royce and Raymond Kirkbride '13. It is now one of the most enjoyable and desirable features of college life. A glee club is valuable, not only as a pleasurable activity and as an educational force, but as an advertising medium as well. Our club, we feel sure, falls short in none of these items.

The principal duties falling to the lot of the members of the Glee Club are having their pictures taken, practicing new songs, and taking extended trips. All of these duties they perform very acceptably. The picture (see preceding page) is as good looking as can be reasonably expected. The practice hours make up in volume what they lack in harmony, as everyone who has attempted to study in the Library while the Club was in Chapel can testify.

As far as trips are concerned, many and wondrous are the tales brought back by the tired members of their experiences as they traveled from town to town. Nothing is more entertaining than to listen to Fulton or Steele tell of the pretty girls they met in Carrollton or Eastbrook, or some other one night stand. And Dan's tales of exciting hunts for clean collars and of mad dashes for trains are well worth repeating.

This year F. W. Orr has been traveling with the Club as a reader, and has proven himself a valuable addition. No one who has heard "Charlotte" tell about "Miss Kate Van Olia" can doubt his ability to entertain successfully.

D. H. McQuiston '15 is manager of the Club, and W. H. Lindsay '16 is his assistant. Prof. W. W. Campbell is director.

The members are:

First tenors—Taylor, Baird, DeWolf and Buckley.

Second tenors—Steel, Ferguson and Nelson.

First basses—Stewart, Fulton, Mercer and Douthett.

Second basses—Minteer, McLaughry, Lindsey, Lash and Shields.

Pianist—Miss Charlissa Hunter.



THE COLLEGE CHORUS



The College Chorus

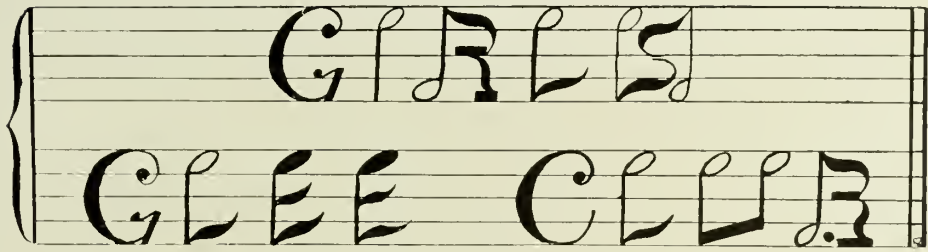
ON Thursday night, the time sacredly and unchangeably set apart for the meeting of this august body, a motley crew gathers in the College Chapel. Professor Campbell, otherwise disrespectfully referred to in this volume as "Petie Willie," is master of ceremonies, and promptly at seven calls the meeting to order. His "right hand man," Mary Douthett, gives "the high sign" and from that time on into the night the soothing strains may be heard floating out over the campus, unbroken save for an occasional, "You're flat sopranos," from the commander-in-chief, or an unusual blast from the tenor section.

Perhaps to a reader who is not "inside the ropes" all this may sound vague and uninteresting, but we beg to assure you that it is not. On the contrary, this is one of the most popular courses in school. "Petie Willie," of course, thinks that this is due to the highly instructive, cultural and educational value of the course. We hope he will not read this page, for we would hate to disillusion him, but we think those co-educationally may elect Chorus for another reason. Certainly a twenty-minute walk to the Hillside once a week is not to be scorned, especially when there is the delicious sensation of a week's "limits" if you should for any reason tarry a minute over time. This side of Chorus we highly indorse, of course, the only suggestion possible being that the youths who wait so long and patiently in the lower hall might join the ranks and help out their fellows above, where the boys are so sadly outnumbered. (Markle, Buckley, and Grundish please take notice.)

But again, gentle reader, do not misjudge. It is not all play and no work. By no means. Ask anybody who knows and, if you are still "from Missouri," come around at Commencement time when we astonish the natives with the wild strains of "Hiawatha," and, if the Chorus keeps up its past reputation, you'll have no further need to "be shown."



THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB



The Girls Glee Club

ON one crisp morning toward the end of February, a jolly crowd of Westminster students said "Aufwiedersehn" to Old Main, and wended their way to the New Wilmington Station. At first sight a stranger might have wondered who those people were, but at a second glance their bright, smiling faces would have left no doubt as to their identity. It was the Girls' Glee Club.

Fifteen girls made the trip, including Charlissa Hunter, pianist, and Marian Hover, reader. Miss Martin accompanied the Club as chaperon.

Pittsburg was the destination, and was looked forward to by each girl with much anticipation. During the trip every one seemed overflowing with mirth, possibly due to the fact that the horrible Monster, "Lessons," was to be forgotten for a time. Mary Newlin, with her true Irish wit, was the life of all the girls. (We will never forget her oft-repeated song, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Him Now.")

The first concert was given in the Eighth U. P. Church, Pittsburg, of which Dr. Wishart is pastor. A large audience seemed to enjoy the singing, for each number received enthusiastic applause. Marian Hover's readings proved very popular. Charlissa Hunter won the approval of the audience by several well-executed piano solos.

The second day found the girls in Hickory, the home of many of our present Westminster students. Janet McCalmont, who is manager, met the girls at the station and had automobiles to take them to the different homes where they had been invited to spend the night. Many and strange are the tales told of the good times enjoyed by each girl while at Hickory. Rumor states that Mary Stooddy captured the heart of a youthful swain, and that Charlissa tried to carry away the minister's Sunday-best Brussels carpet.

The concert itself was a great success, although the audience seemed small in comparison to that of the previous evening. But the friendly spirit and appreciation with which the singing was received more than made up for the small number of hearers.

The following night the final concert was given at Dr. McCulloch's Church, Homewood, and once more the girls covered themselves with glory. The Glee Club at this time was further assisted by Prof. Campbell, who inspired (or scared) the girls to do better than ever before. Those who had had the pleasure of hearing Prof. Campbell on former occasions were again delighted by his splendid baritone voice. This concert proved a fitting climax to a successful and pleasurable trip.



THE COLLEGE ORCHESTRA



The Orchestra

UNDER the able managership of "Simmy" we have enjoyed, thus far in the school year, a most successful season as compared with past records. Several of our last years' members are no longer with us, but their places have been well filled by some of the new men. Bush, with his cornet, fills a long felt need in the department of wind instruments, and any thing he can't play is not worth trying. Our old friend "Andy" Coulter, although now a high school professor of first rank, is generous enough to share his talent with us, and still retains his old position "blowing the flute." It seemed as though we were "up against it" when we lost Ralph Miller at the drums, but "Brooks" stepped right into the vacant chair, and now he can make as much noise as Ralph did, the best day he ever knew. The first violins made a valuable find in the person of Nelson, while the second violins added Miss Spang and Paul Shenk. Wallace, who has admirably filled his place at the piano, completes the list of new recruits. The remaining members of this organization are all veterans of from one to four years' standing.

Once a week we meet under the direction of Professor Kurtz for rehearsal, and anyone doubting our ability to produce real harmony should place his (or her) ear to the keyhole of the door of Chresto Hall 'most any old Wednesday, and judge for himself (or herself). No concerts have been given out of town since the immortal trip to Hubbard, Ohio, during the season of 1911-12. (See any member of the orchestra for particulars.) It is our aim, however, to give two home concerts every year.

The support afforded us by the student body at our Fall concert was extremely gratifying, and it is our hope that this will not only continue, but increase. We feel that there is a place in every college community for a college orchestra,—a fact, verified by the presence of such an organization in every school,—and it is this place we are trying to fill at Westminster.



THE WESTMINSTER COLLEGE QUARTET

The Westminster Quartette



DON'T know why on earth the editor of this book asked me to write up the Quartette,—I'm not a member, nor am I the advance agent. What's more, I don't know a thing about music, especially those blood-curdling collections that are familiarly called classical music. To be entirely frank, I'd rather pay two bits to hear the "Honey Boy Minstrels" sing "Chinatown, my Chinatown," than to listen to a lot of weepy and long-haired music that can only be appreciated in a two-dollar seat in the orchestra circle. And I'd lots rather see Wagner play baseball than listen to his music.

But I heard the College Quartette sing at Corncob Corners or some such place last summer, and I enjoyed the concert a whole lot. They didn't waste all their time trying to sing this highbrow stuff that Caruso pulls off for the benefit of our foreign population, but they managed to rope in a couple of the good old songs, that make you think of blue skies and sunshine and rippling streams and your best girl and all that. And they had lots of harmony, too,—not the church choir variety that only the ultra-educated can listen to and survive, but the real kind of harmony like you can hear in Nigger Sam's barber shop. That's what I call music.

Mind you, I'm not saying that Caruso and Melba and those fellows can't sing, but I don't think this grand opera business of trying to see how many different ways you can sing the same scale appeals to the people in the long run. When a man has nothing else to do he can put on his glad rags, and listen to some operatic tenor knocking one planet after another from their places in the Universe, but when there's real work to be done a fellow wants something more nourishing than "Sonata A Flat Op. 26." I've noticed lately that the English people have discarded "Lohengrin" for "Tipperary."

But to get back to the quartette. "Charlotte" was the advance agent, and he made a pretty good job of it, except when he was fussing the ladies, which wasn't seldom. "Tub" and "Bob" Cummings held down the tenor positions, and made themselves generally useful in a harmonious way. "J. K." sang second bass, and acted as reader. "Hubbard" was the real star. His voice has a sort of flutter in it, which some folks call an operatic vibrato, but I don't hold that against him. It sure took with the girls, anyhow, but "Bob" remained faithful to Nora,—generally speaking, that is.

That's about all I know about the Quartette. I hope the next time the editor wants something written up that he gives me "The Discovery of Yttrocrite" or some other easy subject like that.



" IN THE



SPRING "



CALBRO



CRACKERS



FRED MILLIGAN



WALTER BRAHAM

The Tri-State Oratorical Contest



THE Tri-State Oratorical Contest is held annually under the auspices of the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia. The contests are held at the different colleges in turn.

Since the organization of the association Westminster has established an enviable record, winning first place seven times and second place on five occasions. The men who have won first place are W. B. Haylip, 1895; H. R. Miller, 1899; H. T. Getty, 1903; F. J. Warnock, 1904; R. S. Miller, 1909; R. M. Russell, Jr., 1911; and F. E. Milligan, 1914.

Last year the contest was held at Westminster, and Fred Milligan upheld the good record of the school by winning first place. Second place was taken by Mvskingum's representative.

This year the contest will be held at Thiel College. Our representative will be W. W. Braham, of New Wilmington. "Walt" is well known as the winner of last year's Junior Contest, and as a debater of much experience. We certainly wish him success.



Junior Orations

THE authorities of a certain country cast a man into prison. After the poor fellow had lingered there for eighteen years trying to reconcile himself to his fate, a brilliant idea came to him. He opened the window and escaped.

Humanity is held captive in the grip of certain revered customs and traditions, the chief end of which is to make life a monotonous treadmill of petty beliefs and duties. Occasionally, however, strong men will step off this treadmill of grinding toil, and will oppose the oppressive traditions and customs. The progress of the world depends upon the leadership of such men.

Martin Luther saw Germany ground beneath the heel of Papal oppression, and one stormy morning he nailed to the door of the Castle Church at Wittenberg a few sheets of paper that fanned the smoldering embers of hatred into the burning flame of the Reformation.

John Brown, as he held the engine house at Harper's Ferry against the recognized forces of law and order, did more for the cause of liberty than a hundred abolition speeches, or a dozen sensational novels.

Last fall the Junior Class, with a courage in no way inferior to that of John Brown or Martin Luther, decided to stand out against one of the established traditions and customs of our College life. In a meeting destined to become famous the Juniors signed a Declaration of Independence from the tyranny of required orations.

For a week there was a battle royal (figuratively speaking). Meetings, debates, conferences, dialogues, speeches, monologues, and then more meetings, until the office of the President resembled the tent of Grand Duke Nicholas on the eve on one of his strategic retreats. All sorts of rumors were in circulation.—that "Butch" had threatened a hunger strike, that Jewell had swallowed his copy "Rubaiyat," that "Jamie," in despair, had begun to smoke Fatimas.

The upshot of it all was that the Juniors gave orations as usual, except that the bills for printing and music were paid by the authorities—probably out of the Caution Fee. But the brave attempt to put an end to the awful tyranny of required orations will go down in the world's history as a blow struck for freedom and liberty.

Every reform—or attempt at a reform—has its humorous as well as tragic side. It was tragic indeed to see our Class Director trying to follow the argument of Arthur's oration. But how humorous—and pleasant—it was to see "Hubbard," and "Walt" and "Joe" and "Simmy" begging us not to charge admission.

When, tender-hearted as we are, we promised them that we would not, it was both pleasant and pitiful to hear their protestations of delight.

Junior Orations are over now, and the community has once more settled down into its customary complacency and quietness. And here and there you may hear the whisper, "They weren't so bad after all." But in the Firmament of Fame there shines a bright and glorious star that commemorates the efforts of 1916 in the cause of Liberty.

Junior Orations

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14

Robert E. Lee.....	Ella Snodgrass
The American Girl.....	Marie Lytle
The Downfall of Christian Civilization.....	David Schnable
Education and the Moving Picture.....	Genevieve Houston
The Little Alien.....	Clarence Anderson
Men of the Hour.....	Marian Hover

TUESDAY, JANUARY 19

The Jew in America.....	Margaret Brown
Womanly Heroism in War.....	Clara Cummings
Pan-Germanism.....	F. R. Moore
Brains—Plus.....	Emily Johnston
After the War, What?.....	Henry Shields
This Is The Life.....	Carl Oesterling

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22

Heroes Unsung.....	Marie Jamieson
Theory Versus Practice.....	Ralph Bell
Education of Defective Children.....	Vera Toy
Labor and Learning.....	D. H. McLaughrey
A Plea for the Idler.....	W. H. Lindsey
A National Health Bureau.....	O. V. Shaffer

MONDAY, JANUARY 25

Our National Crisis.....	Walter Hart
Needy Mothers and Neglected Children.....	Betty Long
Salary not Fund in the Envelope.....	E. E. Mercer
Dreams That Come True.....	Martha Vincent
The Red Cross in Times of Peace.....	Louise Ligo
Intercollegiate Athletics.....	E. V. Buckley
The Guiding Minority.....	W. I. Grundish

FRIDAY, JANUARY 29

The Me Within Thee—Blind.....	Arthur Jewell
Success Made of Coarser Fiber Than Failure.....	Charles Bell
Heroes Unsung	Marie Jamieson
Awakened Womanhood	Marian Kitch
National Prohibition.....	Harvey Johnston
Reformed Capital	Hanavan Alderman

The judges, Professors Shaffer, Barr, and Freeman, chose the following persons to take part in the annual Junior Contest: the Misses Burton, Vincent, Lytle, and Long; and the Messrs. Lindsey, Alderman, Mercer, and Grundish.

The Junior Contest



ON FRIDAY evening, June 12, the annual Junior Contest was held in the Second United Presbyterian Church. All the orations were well written and delivered, and the contest as a result was close and interesting. The judges, Dean Freeman, Professor Troup, and Professor Barr, finally chose Miss Nora Kerr and Mr. Walter Braham as winners.

Nora Kerr.....	The Beautiful Tree of Life
Dorothea Keast.....	The Power of Suggestion
Mary McAnlis.....	The Lost Art
Helen Troup.....	The Wearing of the Green
Lawrence Stewart.....	The Extinction of a Race
Clifton Scott.....	The Futility of War
Walter Braham.....	The Dragon Awake
Frank Orr.....	The New Emancipation



The Sophomore Contest



THE third annual Declamation Contest was held in the Tent Auditorium Saturday afternoon, June 13. The hearers were unanimous in declaring this contest to be by far the best. The following students were chosen to compete in the contest, which was won by Marian Hover.

Martha Vincent.....	"Mice at Play" (Anonymous)
W. I. Grundish.....	"Sunshine" (Service)
Margaret Carnes.....	"English Lady Packing" (Herford)
Charlotte Ewing.....	"When Elizabeth Came Home" (Ronold)
Marian Hover.....	"The Lion and the Mouse" (Klein)
Hanavan Alderman.....	"Buck Fanshaw's Funeral" (Twain)



DEBATE





THE 1915 DEBATING TEAMS

Inter-Collegiate Debating

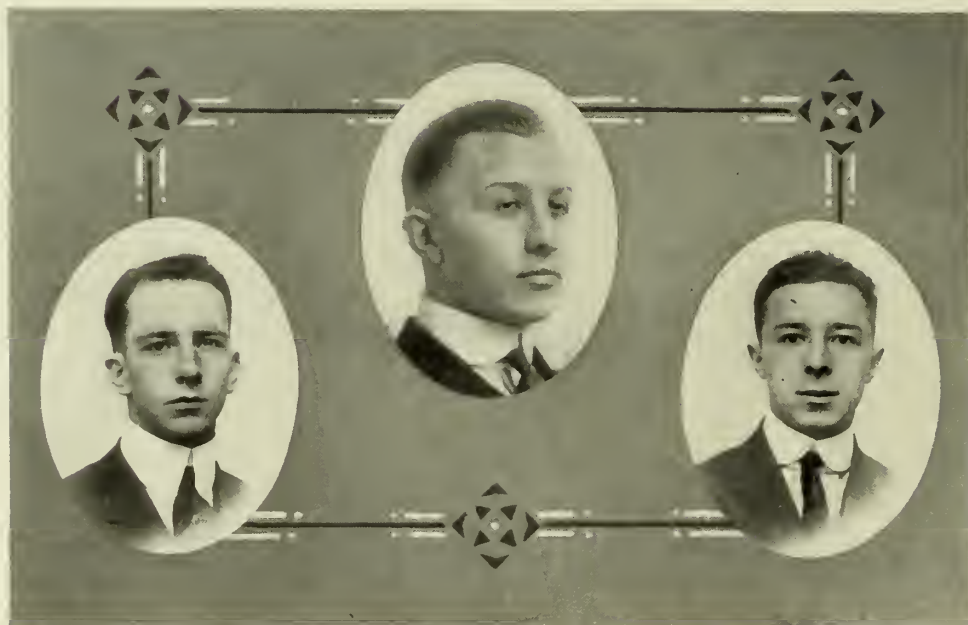
THERE is no college activity that will do more toward preparing a man for life work than debating. Practice along this line eventually gives one the ability to discriminate between arguments, to think quickly and correctly, and to speak easily and to the point. It is ability in such things that is needed in the hurry and strain of business and professional life.

Westminster has an enviable record in inter-collegiate debating circles. During the last four years her representatives have won five of of seven debates. Last year both Pitt and Penn State were defeated by unanimous decisions.

This year the interest in debating has been greater than ever before in the history of the school. But two men were lost by graduation, Miller and Milligan. Braham, Grundish, Patton, C. McQuiston and D. McQuiston are veteran debaters still in college. In the preliminaries Stewart, Orr, Patterson and Jewell were added to the squad.

Four debates have been arranged, with Pitt, State, Geneva and W. & J. The question to be discussed is "Resolved, that the U. S. should abandon the Monroe Doctrine." At this time we can not state the results, but we know that our fellows are going to do their level best and there is no doubt but that they will uphold the high standard set by the teams of other years.

For the last few years the Sophomore and Freshmen have debated, the winners having their names engraved on the large silver cup displayed in Prof. Moses' office. This custom is of great value in training new men for the varsity teams. This year the class teams are to debate the question of an increased navy. Ashbrook, McGeogh and Ferguson make up the Freshmen team, while Mechlin, Kirkbride and Armitage are the Sophomore representatives.



THE PITT TEAM

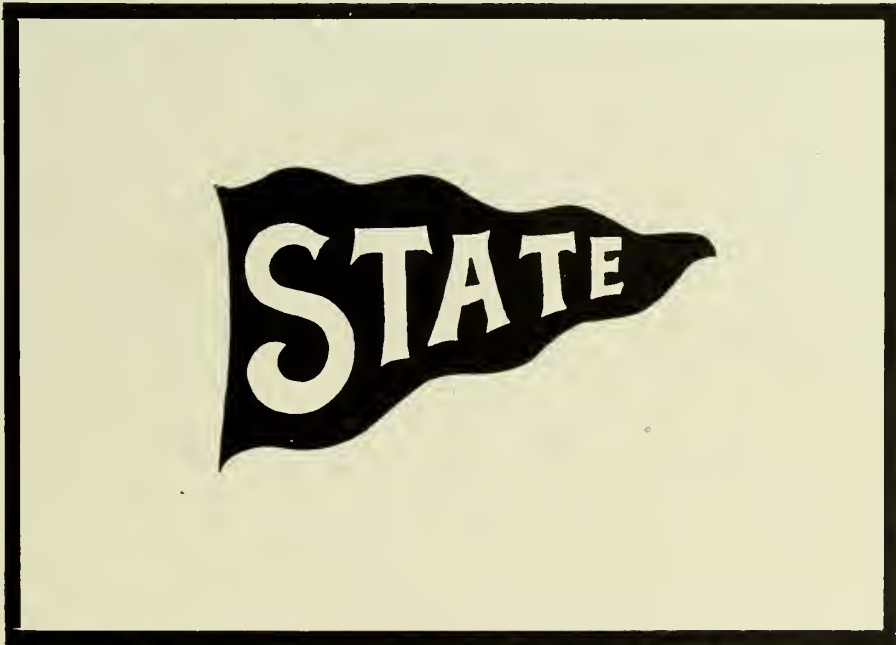
The Pittsburgh Debate

ON Friday evening, March twentieth, Westminster met the University of Pittsburgh in the first debate ever held between the two institutions. The question discussed was, "Resolved, that the United States should as a matter of policy exclude all foreign unskilled labor." Our team, composed of Patton, McQuiston, and Grundish, upheld the affirmative. The entire debate was close and interesting, Pitt seeming to have the advantage in the main speeches. But in the rebuttal our team tore the negative argument to shreds, and the judges returned a unanimous decision in our favor. The team is to be all the more commended when it is remembered that they had only a little over a week to spend in preparation.

The Penn State Debate



ON April thirtieth Westminster won the second debate of the season by defeating Penn State in the first debate ever held between the two schools. Miller, Milligan, and Braham made up our team, which upheld the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, that the women of Pennsylvania should be granted the suffrage on equality with the men." The popularity of the question drew a great crowd, and when the decision was announced unanimously in our favor, the Chapel rang with applause. This debate closed the season for Westminster, which had contended with the representatives of two of the largest schools in the state without losing the vote of a single judge.





THE FRESHMAN TEAM

The Freshmen-Sophomore Debate

THE annual Freshmen-Sophomore debate was held in Chapel Monday evening, March 8, in the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience, which was amazed at the amount of wisdom coming from the mouths of babes and sucklings. The Sophomore debaters, Kirkbride, Armitage, and Mechlin, upheld the affirmative of the question, "Resolved, that the United States should increase its present naval policy." The Freshmen representatives were Ashbrook, McGeogh, and Ferguson. After an exciting contest the judges returned a two to one decision in favor of the negative.

Kirkbride opened the bombardment with a moving picture of the atrocities committed in Belgium, and his words moved even the stony heart of "Tus" to tears. Ashbrook rammed in a charge of dynamite when he said that atrocities was only another name for politics in Pennsylvania, and that our navy could blow the "Hearst and Hobson Atrocity Factory" off the map. Armitage then called McGeogh a dreamer, but "Jack," secure behind a fortress of statistics, smiled serenely. In retaliation, however, Ferguson called Mechlin a militarist. Mechlin, springing to his feet, shouted to the four winds, "Millions for defense but not one cent for de gate."

Just at this point Julia Carnes was so overcome by the intellectual talent displayed that she had to be carried fainting from the room. In order to prevent further casualties Prof. Moses demanded an immediate decision from the judges, and sent Officer W. W. Braham to enforce his demands. Two of the judges, urged by Ferguson's valiant attempt to take up the Panama Canal, returned their decision in favor of the negative, to the great delight of Jimmy Kerr, who at once ran out to get his old clothes and a paint brush. The other judge, who was still weeping over Kirkbride's atrocity account, voted for the affirmative. "*Labora omnes vincit.*"



THE SOPHOMORE TEAM





DRAMMATICS



“The Ulster”

WHEN Shakespeare interrupted the melancholy Dane in one of his “what’s the use anyway” soliloquies long enough to remark that “the play’s the thing” he recognized a well-nigh universal truth.

The drama is probably the most popular form of instruction and amusement. Of course Shakespeare did not refer to those new-fangled plays that feature a medley of vice, villains, drugs, criminal trials, matinee idols, and repentant heroines that finally dissolves into a deluge of tears after the death of the hero’s pet kangaroo by vivisection. Nor did he refer to that variety of stage entertainment commonly recommended to the tired business man. And least of all did he refer to the six-reel thriller, featuring Mary Pickford or John Bunny in “the latest triumph of kinetographic science, ‘The Nemesis of the Underworld.’” The Bard of Avon had reference to the good, old-fashioned dramas with lots of punch to them,—frock coated villains smoking tailormade cigarettes, heroes with subtle secrets, heroines with a tendency toward tears, and a general mixup of irate fathers, brave soldiers, daring cowboys, Mexicans, Indians, Little Evas, outlaws, detectives, and cruel landlords.

Such a play was “The Ulster,” which was presented by the Class in Dramatic Expression at the Tent Auditorium last Commencement. From the time Geoffry entered looking for a lost ulster until the closing scene where Barton announced that it was “the happiest day of his life—physically speaking” the audience was convulsed with laughter. Detectives, ulsters, systems of development, love affairs, quarrels, guilty secrets, and clues were jumbled together in a mad whirl of mirth. From the popular standpoint at least it was the best play that has ever been put on at the College.

The stars of the performance were F. E. Milligan as “Flipper,” D. H. McQuiston as “Prof. Barton,” and Agnes McKay as “Mrs. Barton,” although all of the actors deserve commendation for their work, which was uniformly excellent. The members of the cast were as follows: F. E. Milligan, William Moore, D. H. McQuiston, F. W. Orr, Hanavan Alderman, Howard Stepp, W. I. Grundish, George Neal, Jane Russell, Marian Hover, Agnes McKay, Kathryn Barr, Virginia Hilty, and Margaret Carnes.

The success of the play was due in a large measure to the coaching of Prof. Moses.

“She Stoops to Conquer”

(The following remarks were dictated to your humble servant by “Young Marlowe. ”It may be interesting to note that Marlowe, Jr., has been divorced from “Miss Hardcastle” and is at present living in bachelor quarters, situated in one of the coolest spots in Hades.)



YOU ask me to tell you about our appearance on the Chapel stage. Well, I don't know as I can give you much information along that line,—my mind is sort of confused on the subject. You see, they are calling us back to earth so often to repeat our famous domestic tangle of several centuries ago, that I'm getting rather mixed on my dates. This reincarnation stuff gets my goat anyway. Just when I get settled down comfortably (for even hell can be comfortable after one has been married for a while) they make me repeat the whole business for the benefit of an audience that ought to be satisfied with the war news, or the latest reform crusade.

The thing that bothers me most when I have to go through those performances over again is that I have to repeat all that mushy business with Kate. Why, every time I think what a fool I was in the beginning, I feel like kicking myself around the block. Right here I want to advise you young men never to get married,—you will rue the deed, mark my words. The women folks are all peaches and cream until the minister has spoken the fatal words, but before the echoes of the “Wedding March” have died away they are bothering you for money for a new Easter helmet, or a pack of needles, or a stock of Spearmint, or something else. And if you want to have a quiet game with some of the fellows you have to run all over Hades looking for a story your better half will believe.

I want to say right here that I never appreciated the good qualities of that fellow “Tony Lumpkin” until after I was married. Believe me, he had the right idea about a lot of things. When I was immersed in a sea of love for Kate (and it has been a mighty stormy sea, let me tell you) I was prejudiced against him, but I know him lots better now. He often runs over to my quarters for a quiet smoke, and we have splendid talks about old times. He tells me that he always knew my love for Kate was a little emotion that would soon wear off. “Egad, I though you were too wise to marry her, though,” says he.

I haven't said much about our performance in Chapel, I know, but I thought your readers might be interested in some of the real facts about the case. And besides I hate to think about those appearances,—you can understand how loth I feel about showing my youthful follies on the stage. I will say, however, that we did better in Chapel than we ever had done before,—since the original performance, that is. All of us, from “Mr. Hardcastle” to “Miss Neville,” seemed to live the scenes over again, and “Diggory” really outdid himself. In all, it was a splendid performance, and deserves much praise, even if I do say it myself.





The Modern Language Clubs

AS IN English so in French and German the student's ability to take part in the work of the literary society is a fair indication of his command and use of the language. The modern language clubs, "Der Deutsche Verein" and "Le Cercle Français," besides presenting to its members, by means of its literary programmes, much knowledge of France and Germany, also affords them the opportunity to put into practice what syntax and composition they have learned.

The fortnightly meetings of these clubs have become a fixture in the college work. Every Tuesday morning from the first of November until April, the bulletin board displays an artistic poster announcing the meeting of one or the other of these clubs. The clubs meet alternately every Tuesday in Chrestomath Hall at 7:00 P. M.

The officers of each club are the usual four,—president, vice president, secretary and treasurer. The number of committees, likewise, is four, and each is composed of four members.

The programmes of the regular meetings of these clubs are of a literary and social nature. The literary programme is generally composed of essays, declamations, recitations, translations and the singing of national songs. The social part of the meeting usually consists of conversations, games, charades, and on rare occasions, "eats." This part of the meeting is both instructive and entertaining. Although it may be a novelty it is not an altogether unpleasant one to the hustling American to be limited by the laws of German etiquette to the consumption of doughnuts at the rate of only one per hour.

During the past year it has been the plan of the clubs to have each member on the programme subordinated to one general subject. In general the programmes, as carried out, have been of the same nature in both societies. Besides the annual Christmas programmes, they have had in common pro-

grammes treating of the geography, musical contributions, literary achievements, war policies, and the educational systems of France and Germany. The musical programmes were made especially interesting by the addition of victrola music. The German Christmas and the French New Years celebrations were carried out in detail, even to the tree and the gifts.

It is the aim of the clubs to make the different programmes as diversified as possible and also to introduce at times a form of programme entirely new. The first meeting of the clubs in November was a joint meeting fashioned after the manner of a "who's Who" party in order to facilitate the forming of acquaintances. Two illustrated lectures were given to joint meetings of the clubs in the course of the year,—one by Miss MacLaggan on "Italy" and the other by Miss Manly on "German and French Art." A special programme, partaking of a literary and social nature, was presented at a joint meeting on the last Tuesday evening before the Easter Vacation for the entertainment of the faculty.

This year the clubs caught the Carnegie spirit and have decided to contribute to the library a copy of all the texts used in the different French and German classes. Another contribution worthy of note is the placing in the modern language class-rooms national flags representing those countries whose language is taught there. The French and German clubs have gradually increased in importance and usefulness, so that now "Le Circle Francais" and "Der Deutsche Verein" well merit the prominent place they occupy in college activities.





Der Deutsche Verein

OFFICERS

RALPH McCLURG	<i>President</i>
MARGARET MILLER	<i>Vice President</i>
JEAN SCOTT	<i>Secretary</i>
OWEN SHAFFER	<i>Treasurer</i>

Motto—Wie heisst das auf Deutsch?

Flower—Die Kornblume.

Colors—Schwartz, weiss, rot.

Yell—Hoch soll er leben,
 Hoch soll er leben,
 Drei mal hoch,
 Hoch soll er leben,
 Hoch soll er leben,
 Deu Deutsche Verein!



Le Cercle Francais

OFFICERS

ARTHUR VINCENT	<i>President</i>
VICTORIA RICE	<i>Vice President</i>
AGNES BURTON	<i>Secretary</i>
ELLA SNODGRASS	<i>Treasurer</i>

Motto—Comment dit-on en francais?

Flower—Fleur-de-lis.

Colors—Bleue, blanc, rouge.

Yell—Vive le cercle

Vive le cercle

Vive Le Cercle Francais!

The Holcad



THE Westminster "Holcad" was first published in June, 1884, and was put out as a semi-monthly until October, 1887. From that year until April, 1914, the paper appeared as a monthly. During these years the "Holcad" seemed to settle into the rut which so many college papers seem to travel, appearing each month with more or less regularity, with the same old reports printed in the same old column in the same old way. So last year Ralph Miller, who was editor at the time, began to work out the plan for a change in policy, and it was largely through his efforts that the weekly "Holcad" became a reality. The new paper did not pretend to bring articles of great literary value to the student,—that had been the policy of the monthly, but many excellent articles seemed to go unread. The weekly was established for the purpose of printing "news."

Permit us to quote from one of Miller's editorials, which very aptly states the position of the weekly paper.

"To gain the support and hold the interest of the student body, a college paper must be a student organ, peculiarly the property of the students, prompt, fearless, impartial, and unrelenting in its presentation of student problems. To interest the alumni the magazine must publish promptly the school news, the news of the college world, the student activities, and point out the trend of sentiment. Here our policy of a monthly has failed. To voice the sentiments of the students a monthly is useless; as a news sheet, because of the delay in publishing, the monthly is extremely unsatisfactory. . . . To insure its claim, as its equitable right and privilege, the "Holcad" will justly demand the liberty of the press, liberty to discuss and report, liberty to criticize and reprove, to argue existing conditions and to suggest reforms."

During the past year the staff has tried to follow out the policy outlined in the above quotation. While we have not succeeded in living up to our plans in every respect, and while it has been rather difficult to secure a start, yet we can truthfully say that the students are more interested than ever before, and that the "Holcad" has come out on time each week.

Our plans for the future include the securing of a much larger subscription list, an increase in the size and number of the pages, and the use of more drawings and photographs.



THE HOLCAD STAFF

The Holcad Staff

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	DOROTHEA KEAST
<i>Associate Editors</i>	{ W. I. GRUNDISH C. H. McQUISTON
<i>Sporting Editor</i>	HAROLD IGO
<i>Alumni Editor</i>	KATHRYN BARR
<i>Reporters</i>	{ VICTORIA RICE H. R. PATTON MARGARET WYLIE D. R. McCLURG
<i>Business Manager</i>	H. B. BRAHAM



The Westminster Lecture Course



AS one of the young ladies at the Hillside once remarked, winter in New Wilmington would be simply unbearable without the Lecture Course. It is undoubtedly one of the most enjoyable features of the life in the College and in the community. Moreover, the benefit derived from hearing artists and speakers of considerable ability is not to be denied. And in addition to the interest in the Course itself, many of the students secured still more pleasure by indulging in the co-educational privileges of the occasion.

For many years the Lecture Course was in charge of the Literary Societies, but two years ago, the Societies having fallen into disrepute, the Course fell into the hands of private management. Next year it is planned to have the Course managed by a committee consisting of two faculty members, a student, and a member of the local community. Tickets will be given free to every student upon payment of the required athletic fee.

The attractions this year were as follows:

Nov. 13—Judge Wanamaker.

Dec. 14—Metropolitan Grand Quartet.

Jan. 20—Totten Co., Magicians.

Feb. 12—Schumann Quintette.

Mar. 16—Tom Hendricks, Humorist.

April 20—A. E. Wiggam.

Committee: E. E. Mercer, C. R. Scott.

The Argo



THE first Argo was published by the class of 1904, then a volume comparatively small in size but rich in literary worth. Year after year the Argo has come out, increasing in size and in interest, until at present its appearance is one of the Red Letter occasions of College life. The following men have held the position of editor-in-chief:

1904—LEIGH ALEXANDER

1906—R. S. McCOWN

1907—J. F. SHRADER

1908—J. C. BELL

1909—J. C. HEINRICH

1910—F. C. STURGEON

1911—A. C. WILLIAMSON

1912—L. H. CONWAY

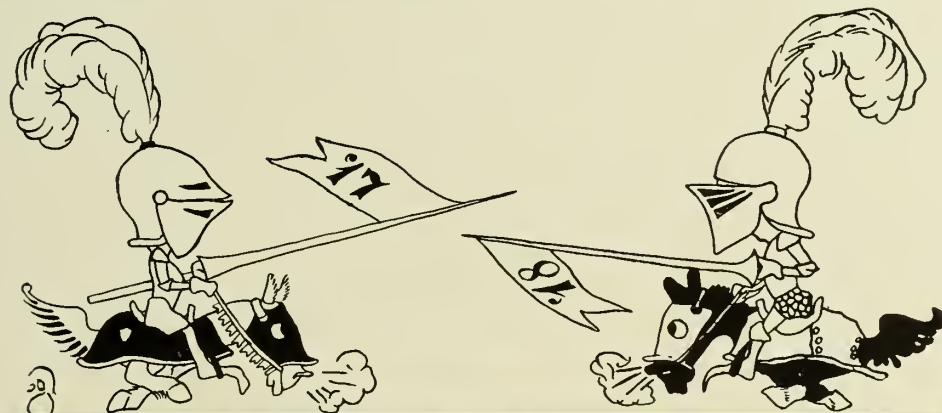
1913—J. R. TURNBULL

1914—W. C. MOORE

1915—D. H. McQUISTON



CLASS



SCRAPS

The Tug-of-War

THERE is an old song to the effect that when Dutch meets Dutch the lager beer (P. B. C. Special) is brought to the front, and when Greek meets Greek the spirit of Marathon and Salamis becomes manifest in a tug-of-war. It was probably inspired by the thrilling stanzas of the aforesaid song that the class of 1917 dared to challenge the class of 1916 to a contest in emulation of the descendants of Socrates and Plato. In this challenge the followers of Cummings showed more nerve than bravery, and more bravery than brains. But experience is the best teacher after all, and it was through hard experience that they learned that the water is wet,—always, thoroughly, and unreservedly wet.

Well, when the challenge was issued, the cohorts of 1916, who had been devoting themselves to fitting intellectual pursuits, gladly accepted, and chose "Butch" to lead them into the fray. Every man in the class promptly offered himself as a volunteer, and several tryouts were necessary before the team was finally chosen,—all except one man, that is. But on the morning of the contest, Bill Grundish persuaded "Butch" that he weighed at least one hundred and ninety pounds, and secured the extra place. The rest of the forenoon was spent in preparation for the fray.

At three o'clock on the fateful afternoon "Butch" gathered his warriors together, and made the following remarks: "My brave men, today we meet the infidel foe in his hated lair. Westminster expects every girl to show her beauty. Follow me to victory or to death." After the customary cheers, and vows of deathless devotion to their cause, they went to the battlefront.

On the other side of the creek was assembled a motley horde of barbarians, whose cringing yet boastful remarks furnished a strange contrast to the staid, sober carriage of the Sophomores. But behind that quiet deportment lurked a sturdy strength that was to be admired and feared. Little did the boastful freshies reckon of the power and ability of the Blue and Gold team.

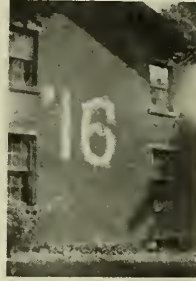
At last each team was assigned a portion of the rope, "Tink" climbed the railing of the bridge to give the signal. Canon spat on his hands, McCormick swallowed his Spearmint, the fish hurried from the vicinity, and the show was ready to start. The handkerchief dropped, both teams strained at the rope, and the battle of sinews and strength was opened. Five seconds passed,—the Sophomores were pulling steadily, and the Freshies gradually losing ground. Ten seconds,—and every freshman but one was struggling in the cool, slimy, and wet depths of the creek. Tormay was joking with the girls on the bridge. Buckley was combing his hair with one hand and pulling with the other. "Butch" gave the rope a jerk, and McCormick, the last of the Freshies, tumbled into the pond. With a frightful cry he announced that he couldn't swim, but none of the girls offered to rescue him. At last "Tink," taking pity on his sad plight, threw him a spearhead of "Red Man," and strengthened by that Charles paddled to the shore.

The tumult died away, the crowd dispersed, the sun sank slowly behind the western hills. The tug-of-war had been won by the class of 1916 in the record time of 12 seconds.



In Memoriam

*This page is
devoted
to the
memory
of the
Annual Interclass Relay Race
Lost? Strayed? Stolen?
We know not!
Probably buried in the archives
of the dusty past with the
Class of 1915, Literary Societies,
and lesser fads
"Sic transit gloria mundi"
"Isch-ka-bibbel."*





FOOT-BALL



BASKET BALL

ATHLETICS



TRACK

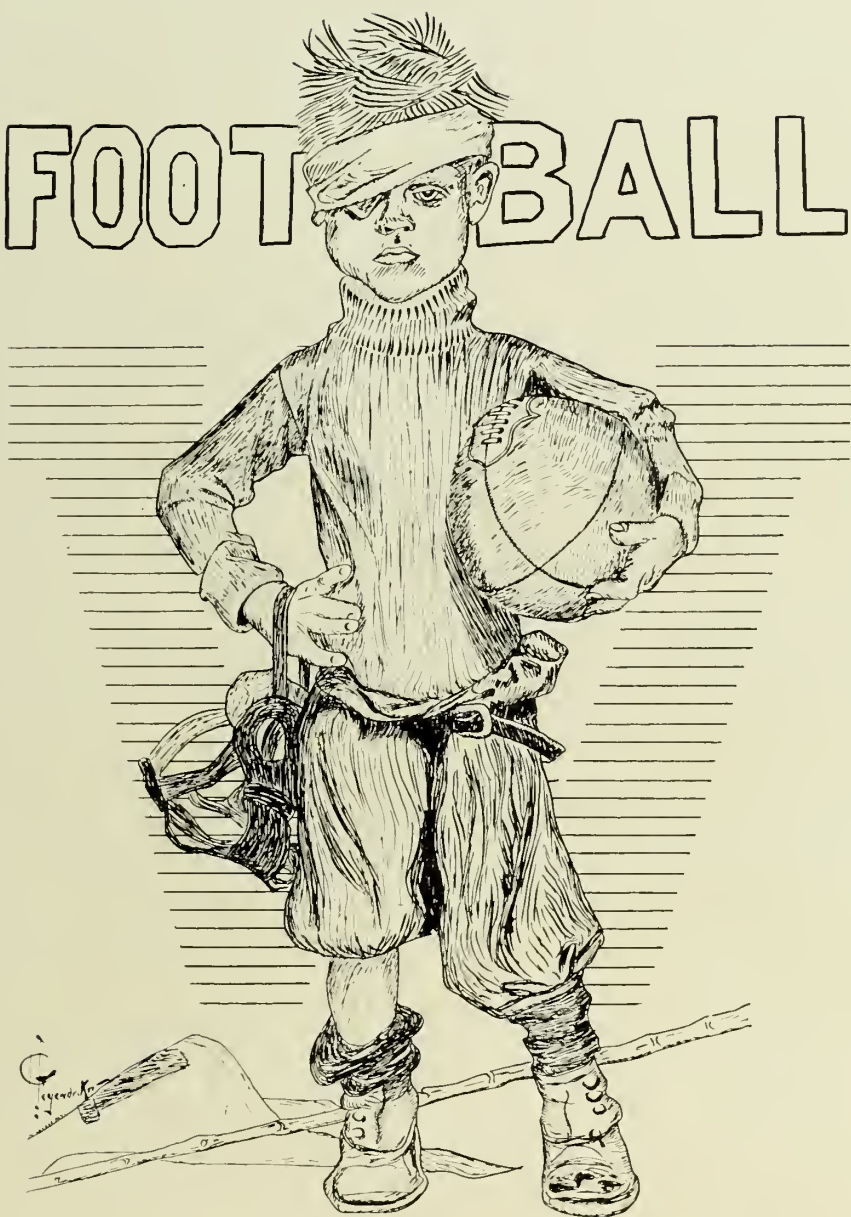


BASE BALL



FIVE TO GO
AT STATE

FOOTBALL



The Football Season

Dictated by "Doc" McKissen



Wen Coach Tinkum come up ter me as I wuz roostin on de fence in back of Jimmy Dime's camp of aspirin white hopes, and ast me tuh train them football players up yere in Westminster I dun tole him nix on the rough stuff. It were bad enough tuh stand in a ring and have youah nose whacked tuh smash by a would-be Battlin Nelson, but compared tuh football de prize fight game's a leadpipe cinch. But wen de coach murmuhed sumethin like free board and money on de side I dun tol' him I wuz de man he wuz lookin fur. So I come up yere with him, and believe me, kid, I've had some time.

De only thing I objected to wuz when de Coach showed me de room in de gym where I wuz tuh sleep. I sez tuh him, "Coach, if you dun expect me tuh sleep in this yere buildin all by my lonesome all through de night, you dun go get me a lamp. I aint agoin tuh take no chances on spooks." De Coach sez, "Why yuh doan believe in ghosts, do yuh? Doan yuh know there aint no such thing? Even the ghest in Hamlet wuz only the image of a diseased mind." I dun told him I wuzunt strong for that hamfat stuff, anyway, and if dey wuz no ghosts why did de Bibul sey the spirits am willing. Dat stumped him, I guess, an he dun brot the lamp.

Another thing dat bothered me wuz de way dat little cheerleader fellow tried tuh have me make a speech in mass metin. I dun told him dat I aint no speechifyer, and dat I leave that stuff tuh Moses an Dart and Webber. But he say dat de success of de whole meetin depended on me. I couldn't beat him argufyin, so I tuk tuh duckin behind a tree wen I seen him comin,—he wuz as perseverin as a Federal League scout lookin fur a chance tuh land Hans Wagner.

They sure was some big fellers on de Westminster squad dis yeah. Take that there feller "Tus." Pussonally I'm a great admirer of Jack Johnson, an I think he's good as de receivin end of a ten tuh one bet against de average



white hope enny day in de week. But I wouldn't give seven Fatima coupons fur his chances in a finish fight with "Tus." "Tus" is de nearest imitation of a twenty-year-old Malay runnin amuck that I ever laid eyes on,—he's a human dreadnought. A regiment of guys like him could wipe de whole German army off de map in steen-leven seconds. Dese same remarks, only less so, applies tuh "Miz" Dart,—I'm dun tol "Jamie" dug up one of them old fossil rocks that proved "Miz" wuz a descendant of de original Samson.

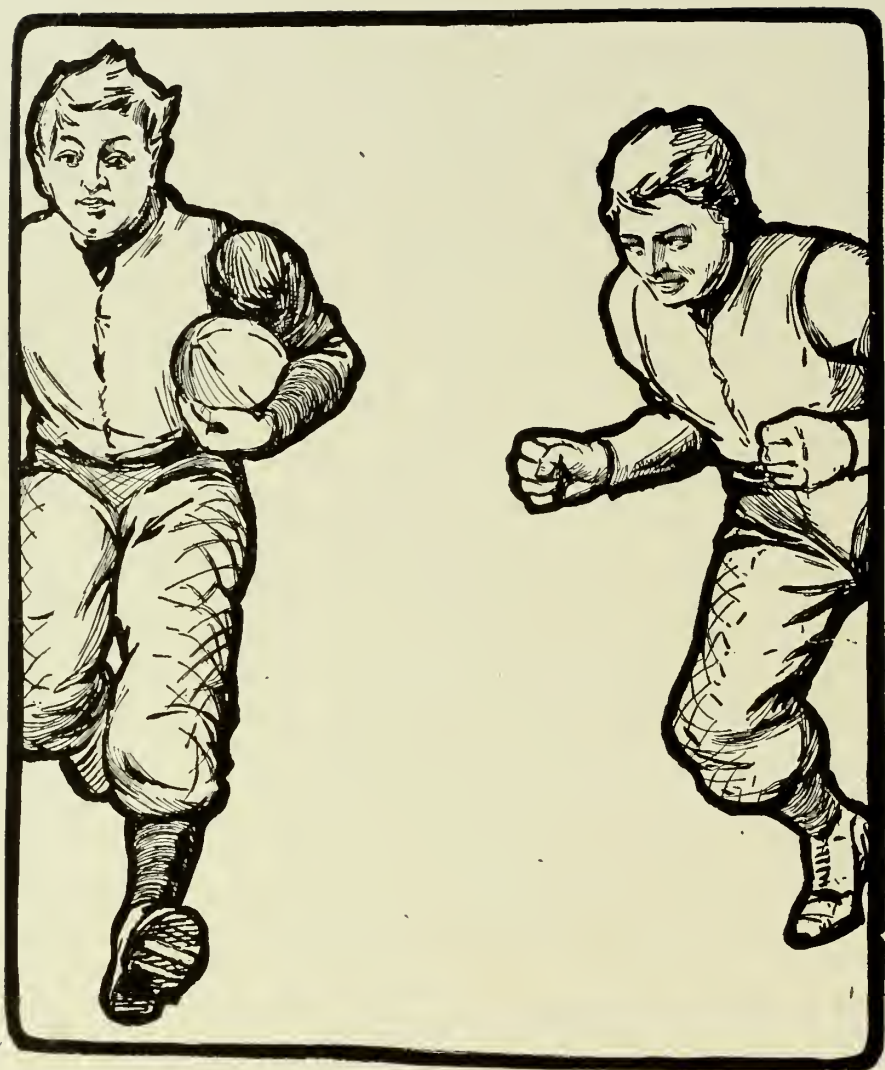
Den dere's our gentleman-player, Buckley. "Ted" led de bunch in scorin, but he allus looked as neat an tidy as he could considerin de fact dat he was rollin in Lawrence County clay most of de time. "Ted" wuz de idol of de girls,—I ofen heard them yellin "dontletemhurtet" or somethin like that. I doan want tuh forgit tuh mention "Butch,"—he wuz de plague uf my life wid his everlastin kiddin,—I guess he thot he wuz runnin the comic section in de Perlice Gazette. But, believe me kid, he could play football. Den there wuz "Jim" and "Mike" an "Hubbard",—I can't mention them all, but all in all, they wuz some team.

There ain't no use in me tellin yuh all about them games, cause yuh know them as well as I do. We played State an Pitt an darn near licked de bloomin stuffin out of de both of dem. Den we went ter W. & J. and it were just pitiful tuh see that there team atryin tuh run up a high score wen dey had their hands full keepin their own goal-line from bein crossed. That Spiegel feller I dun heard so much about come out of that game with as much glory as one of last seasons straw lids. I just want tuh say heah that enny of them guys dat tol me tuh get off de field dat day wen I wuz doin my duty want tuh finish de argument dey can get my address off Coach. An if I can't convince dem I got some frens that can.

Dey aint no use talkin about de other games—we cleaned de smaller fry up in one, two, three order. All down but nine; set em up in de other alley. Uf course I got tuh tell how "Hub" closed de season by grabbin a forward pass an makin a touchdown at Grove City. He pranced down that there field like a Ford racer in de Vanderbilt Cup Open Event, an de whole Grove City Tribe after him. It sure were a pleasant sight. De crowd yelled fur seventeen minutes, and dey tell me dat little girl "Hub" runs around with wept tears of joy.

I guess I've talked more than enuf now, so I guess I'll stop. But I am acomin back yere next season to help put the cleaner on that W. & J. bunch.





THE OLD WESTMINSTER SPIRIT



"TED" BUCKLEY
Captain 1914
Quarterback

"BUTCH" McQUISTON
Captain 1915
Guard





"Tus" McLAUGHREY

Captain 1913

Fullback



"Mike" WHERRY

Halfback



"JOE" McNAUGHER
End

"JIM" McLAUGHREY
Tackle





"MIZ" DART
Tackle



"DAN" McQUISTON
Center



"HUBBARD" STEWART
Guard

"BOB" STRATHERN
End





"HORSEY" HAROLD
End

DICK STOOPS
Halfback





FRANK TINKHAM
Coach



ANDREW PARKS
Assistant Coach



BASE BALL



The 1914 Baseball Season

D. H. McQuiston, Captain

H. M. Shields, Manager

F. L. Tinkham, Coach



The baseball season can hardly be called an unqualified success. Of the fifteen games played during the season of 1914, eight were lost, six won, while the result of the other is still in doubt, the victory being claimed by both sides. The team was made up of many new players, Coulter, Jamison, and Parrish having graduated while some of the others did not come out. Of the regular team, six were new material, three outfielders, two infielders and one pitcher. This may account, in part, for the unsuccessful season.

The first game was played against Tech at Pittsburg. Tech won by the score of five to two, one bad inning spelling our defeat. The next game, at Waynesburg, was won, eight to four, Mercer allowing but three hits. We

left Waynesburg that evening (much against the wishes of the Coach) to play at W. & J. the following day, May 13th. However, a heavy rain spoiled the field and W. & J. was forced to cancel.

The first home game, May 16th, against Volant, was won, five to nothing. Pythion and Wilson pitched for us, giving Volant no hits. On May 18th we lost to Grove City, at home, by the score of eleven to six. The feature was the batting of Mercer, who touched up Glenn for a double and a triple. The next game, on May 20th, was lost to Slippery Rock, nine to one, Barnhardt pitching fine ball for the visitors. On May 23rd we played them on their own grounds. In the last of the ninth they managed to get five runs across, making the score, as we thought, ten to nine in our favor. However, their scorekeeper decided otherwise, to the effect that it was nine to nine. In the tenth a wild pitch let in a Slippery Rock man, ending the game. The principal upholder of the Slippery Rock as to the score was Umpire Binham, who, as far as we know, was not the official scorer.

At Duquesne, on May 26th, the hard hitting of the Bluffites defeated us fourteen to nothing. On May 28th, at home, we took over St. Ignatius of Cleveland. Timely hitting by Westminster secured five runs, while the visitors got but one. In a very loose game at Greenville, against Thiel on June 3rd, we were defeated five to four after having them beaten four to two until the final inning. This game probably found our team at its worst, eight errors being registered against us. The second game of the series with Grove City, on June 6th, was lost four to two. It was a well played game, Mercer again getting to Glenn for a triple and two singles and also scoring our only runs, besides pitching a fine game.



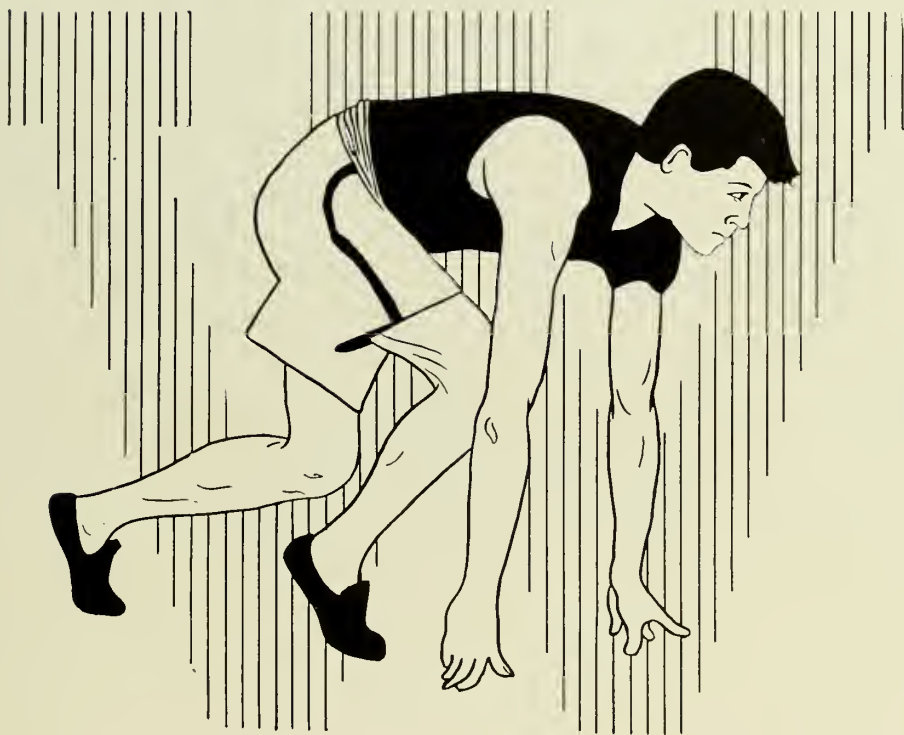
At Grove City, on June 9th, we lost six to one, in a loosely played game. The finishing touches were put on in the sixth inning, two home runs scoring four men. The next day we again lost, six to five, the game being called in the ninth to permit us to catch a train. At that time we had a man on second and none out and therefore a very good chance of at least tying the score.

We defeated the Alumni in the first Commencement game to the tune of nine to nothing, "Jack" Cameron being unable to duplicate his 1913 performance. It was the second no-hit game of the season, Phythyon and Black pitching. In this game G. Yolton had the misfortune to break his leg, the second similar accident of the year, Steele being the first victim. The two games with Waynesburg on June 15th and 16th were easily won by the scores of nine to six and six to nothing., Strathearn winning the first by a home run, with the bases full, in the first inning. The second game was featureless, Waynesburg being totally unable to hit when needed. In this game Phythyon and Wilson appeared for the last time in a Westminster uniform.

Immediately after the game, the election was held, E. E. Mercer being unanimously chosen for captain of the 1915 team. With almost all of the 1914 team back in school, a strong team is assured for 1915, while a strong schedule is being prepared by Manager Jamieson.



TRACK



The Track Season



IN track and field athletics, the season of 1914 marks the "second wind" period of Westminster's race to honor and respect among Western Pennsylvania Colleges,—and second wind comes hard, especially in trying to keep up with the fast pace set by our reliable track team of former years. After a season or two, spent mostly in mourning the loss of old time veterans, the first real step was taken last spring in the process of building up a team worthy of representing Westminster.

Captain "Andy" Coulter and George Vincent were the only seasoned men who were left to us from "them good ol' days" when Westminster was sure o' fat least five points before the initial gun-shot. Counting on pointers and points from these men in the broad jump and weights, and from Canon in the high jump, a large squad turned out and worked faithfully under Capt. Coulter and Coach Tinkham, who contributed whatever time remained after his work with the baseball squad.

The first real test came on May ninth, when we met Carnegie Tech in a dual meet at Schenley Oval. Tech triumphed, but Westminster copped forty-five points and heaps of good experience. The following Saturday this experience was put to practical use, when Geneva and Grove City were our rivals in a triangular meet at Beaver Falls. Coulter, Geo. Vincent, Canon, Forker, A. Vincent, Buckley, McCune, Neal, McCracken and Mercer contributed enough points to win by a comfortable margin, thereby proving our supremacy over the only colleges of our athletic standing which we met during the season.

On May twenty-third, the Blue and White was very much in evidence at the Annual Pitt Invitation Meet on Schenley Oval. Penn State was the cause of it all, scoring ninety-two points against a field of ten colleges. This meet was particularil fast and five records were broken. New standards were set in the half-mile, mile, two-mile, discus and relay. Though outclassed by faster company from the larger colleges, Westminster succeeded in placing ahead of West Virginia University, Wesleyan, Geneva and Grove City.

The fifth annual Westminster Invitation Meet, held on Memorial Day, was witnessed by the largest crowd that ever clamored for ham sandwiches in the eating houses of New Wilmington. And the crowd was not disappointed (in the meet). Athletes from five colleges and twenty-six high schools furnished a spectacle that was a credit to Westminster.. Among the colleges, we finished third, headed by Pitt and Tech, and followed by Geneva and Grove



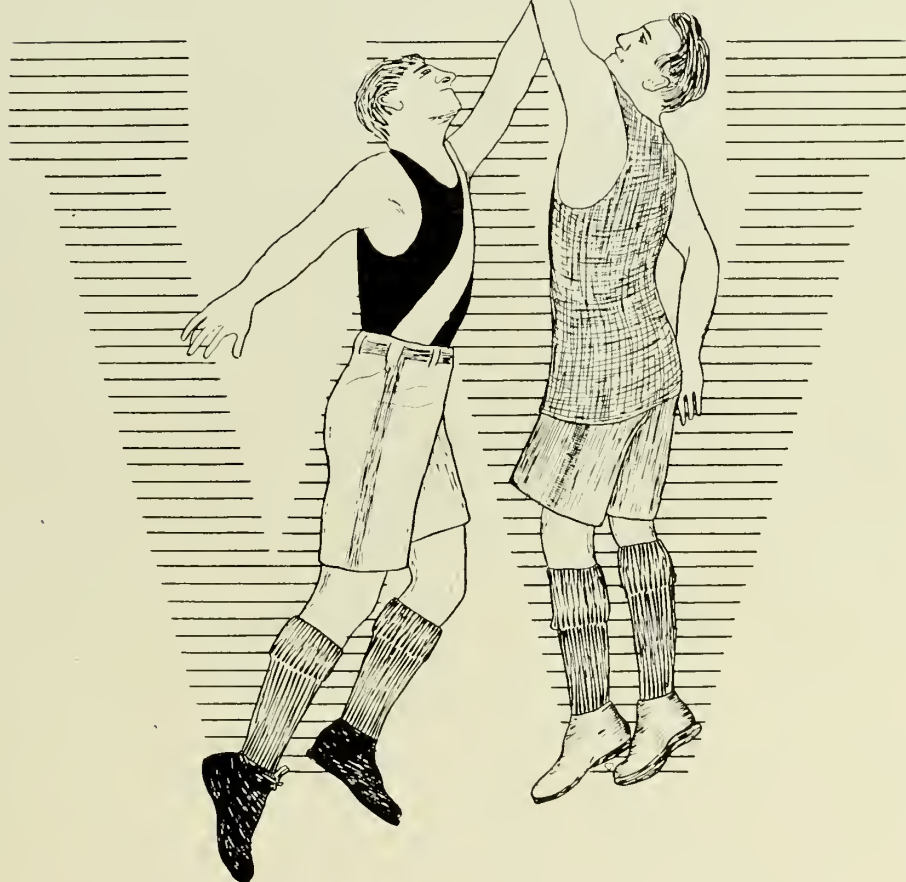
THE 1914 TRACK TEAM

City. The Interscholastic honors went to South High of Youngstown, who finished just one-half point ahead of Lisbon, in one of the prettiest contests ever held on the local field.

Regarded as a whole, the season was a success. The team did all that was expected of it,—and more. Too much credit cannot be attributed to George Vincent and Captain Coulter, who fashioned out of the younger element of track material, a foundation upon which should be built a winning team in 1915.



BASKET BALL



Inter-Class Basket Ball



THE race for honors this year in the Inter-Class Basket Ball league has been unusually close and exciting, with the Seniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen fighting hard for the pennant position. The loss of three stars, Canon, Davis, and Love, from their last year's team weakened the Juniors greatly, and this year they seem unable to get started. In fact, a current saying has it that there are three classes of teams in the league,—poor teams, very poor teams, and teams the Juniors can beat. But Buckley's team goes into each game with the idea of winning, and occasionally springs a surprise. For example, one evening they chased the champion Sophomore team all over the lot, and won the game hands down.

The Senior team, which held down last place by a comfortable margin last year, is showing greatly improved form. They have been strengthened by the addition of "Tus" McLaughrey at center, and the big football star's size and experience has made him the deciding factor in a good many games. It takes a star player to get the ball from "Tus" when he starts down the floor as if he were hitting left end for forty yards.

The playing of McCracken is keeping the Sophomore team well toward the top. "Joe" is even better than he was last year, if such a thing is possible, and is probably the best all-round player in the league. "Joe" at center, Cummings at forward, and Strath" at guard furnish a trio to be feared. "Mike" Wherry has gathered together a good aggregation to represent the Freshmen class, including F. Button, from Rayen High, and Shatto, the former Sharon High School crack. Douthett, who led the Interscholastic League in baskets last year, held down a forward position until the Music Department interfered. It seems that indulgence in sports is detrimental to musical ability.

Taken all in all, the season so far has been highly successful. The games have been well-played and well-attended, both by students and by townspeople. The girls have added lots of "pep" by their enthusiastic rooting for their special favorites. Coach Tinkham and "Rosy" White have taken care of the referee's position, and deserve much praise for their work.

There has been a lot of talk about a varsity basket ball team, and to tell the truth three seems to be no reason why Westminster should not be represented in the floor game,—except it be the lack of a good place to play in. But perhaps a schedule could be arranged with just as few home games as possible,—the authorities could model it after our last year's football schedule in that respect. The idea is worth a trial, anyway.

The following is an all-star team the followers of the game have picked this season: Forwards, McCracken, Shatto, Cummings; Center, McLaughrey; Guards, Buckley, Strathern, C. McQuiston.



THE SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM



THE JUNIOR BASKET BALL TEAM



THE SOPHOMORE BASKET BALL TEAM



THE FRESHMAN BASKET BALL TEAM

Girls' Basket Ball



SOMEONE by chance passing the gym certain days has his curiosity aroused by certain sounds of mirth and excitement; not the deep-throated kind that usually issue from that old and venerable edifice, but a sort of feminine enthusiasm. He investigates, and what does he find? The fair devotees of the great American floor game,—the Westminster bloomer girls. He finds no less than twenty, some on the side lines acting as assistant coaches, and some on the floor fighting like mad to get the ball, and doing the opposite of what the tall man (that's Tink) tells them to do.

The chance onlooker regards it as the strangest performance he has ever seen. Why doesn't that girl break away from the others (as the coach advises) and beat it to the other goal,—there isn't much doing there. After he has seen several fair players come just so far with the ball, then balance themselves gracefully on the edge of a line like butterflies on the upper side of a pansy, he comes to the conclusion that different sets of players are fixed in their orbits just like stars. He keeps wondering why they don't yell more and move around a little bit. The lines are always in the way. Four or five girls stand in a row along each line, and reach out their hands beseechingly, just as the poor heathen must have done on the shores of the Aegean Sea.

One of the fair athletes grabs the ball, and gives it a tremendous fling. If it doesn't hit the roof it probably lands against the other wall, unless a long pair of arms stops it in its mad career. Another girl near the goal gets the ball, and tosses it to somewhere near the basket. After several futile attempts it goes through the net, amidst the applause of the other athletes and assistant coaches. Then comes the toss-up between the centers, the side center gets her cue, and the ball goes flying through the air in the direction of the basket. The forward gets it (if the guard doesn't beat her time) and vainly tries a field goal. Again the ball rolls across the floor with four fairy figures scamp-ering after it like elephants after an ostrich egg. In a few minutes the coach says "First third," and the girls retire to the bench. Filled with amusement, and without the least conception of the importance of the game, the spectator leaves, remarking to himself, "Nobody home but Margaret Miller, and she's loafing around the gym."



THE GIRLS' BASKET BALL SQUAD



I Dream of Her

I dream of her.
And through my raptured soul there thrill
Imperishable ecstasies,
And in my heart I feel the stir
Of rhythmic, wild antiphonies
In praise of her.

I dream of her.
And bring as offerings to my love
Sweet, mystical perfumeries,—
Incense of patchouli and myrrh,—
And bowing, sink upon my knees
To worship her.

Hallowe'en

THE traditions of Westminster demand that Hallowe'en be celebrated at the Hillside with proper Faculty chaperonage instead of according to the custom of years ago when the meanest jokes were considered the best.

When Dr. Russell gave the invitation to the students to spend Hallowe'en Night at the Hillside and added that prizes of pumpkin pies and other eats would be given to the boys, and Westminster pennants to the girls dressed in the most original costumes, there followed a general ransacking of trunks for material which could be used in the creation of costumes, such as had never before been seen. And none seemed to have searched in vain, for in their fantastic and clever disguises it was impossible to recognize even our most intimate friends.

Unconventionality was the keynote of the evening and "of fun there was a plenty." After some time of general merriment the motley crowd formed itself into a procession which passed the receiving line of Faculty members. Solemn nuns were followed by clowns whose antics caused even Miss Martin to smile in appreciation. Our childish fear of goblins and ghosts was driven away by the kind faces of old ladies. Next the troubadours claimed our admiration and made us feel the presence of the princely and polished manners of the ancient feudal courts. Upper classmen had planned to make the Hallowe'en party a success, and with this idea in mind obligingly shaved the heads of several of the Freshmen that they would have no trouble in representing a gang of convicts. When a prize of six pumpkin pies was awarded to them the Freshmen decided that "its an ill wind that blows nobody good." After "Patrick Goldstein" had distributed his cards advertising second hand clothing, the crowd unmasked and went to the dining-room where doughnuts, coffee, candy, and nuts were served.

At ten thirty Cinderella's godmother waved the fairy wand over the merry crowd and in a few minutes the halls were empty and deserted.



The May Day

RIGHTE merrie are the days at Wilmington Towne when the grene before the great college doores is dotted with booths, hung about with streamers and garlands of flowers, and the folke come from alle the countree-side, both gentle and common, for to do observance to the May. And the May Day festival of the year 1914 was the fairest that e'er Wilmington Towne beheld. The great sonne showne wondrous brighte, as if to atone for his ignoring us the year before. The silver droppes, hanging on the leaves, sparkled in the sonne shene and the grene was, as it were, embroidered full of fresshe flowers, whyte and rede. In the booths flowed lemonade, and punche and ice-creame and sugar cake were solde. Out-side sports were going on in the field. Runners and other stout-fellows of greate renowne, clad in their own colours—scarlet, brighte blue or greene—upheld the honour of their schools in the foote-race, the discus throw, or the highe-jump. Now, the school of Wilmington Towne was none the least among the others of greate renowne. And the people who had come from far and near, clapped and shouted for the joy of such marvelous strengthe and skille.

But in the evening, the May showed the fairest of her beauties. 'Twas then there was dancing to merrie music, and synging and best of alle, the crowning of the Queene o' the May. The Queene's throne was a raised dais, set to one side and bedecked with evergrenes and flowers. Here she sate surrounded by her gay attendants, while her courtiers danced and sange before her. The scarlet poppie-flowers, the gay butter-flies and merrie little leves danced to please Her Majesty. The fairest of lasses sange the love-songs of the May to do her honour. The May Queene, fresher than the May herself, was crowned with a garland of flowers on her hede. Just as the brighte colours were fading from the May Day sky, the merrie lasses wound the May pole, the last observance to the May.

Stille the merriment was not ended and was a-going where the punche was being drunken, and the sugar-cakes were being sold. But an end must come to all goode things and the nighte settled upon Wilmington Towne, asleep and restyng from the weariness of such merriment.



Westminster's Future

Bible prophecy alone is certain of fulfillment. Only of "Holy Writ" can it be said "One jot or one tittle shall in no wise fail until all be fulfilled." A forward look, however, is permissible to all men, and in response to request for some statements as to Westminster's future I am glad to furnish these lines.

First of all it seems certain that Westminster has reached that point of efficiency in equipment and endowment which will command the further liberality of the Church and constituency. The principle "Unto him that hath shall be given" is likely to work out in the case of institutions as well as with individuals. "Nothing succeeds like success." It is when friends are most needed that they are likely to be most scarce. The world loves to help that which is prosperous. Westminster has hope through this fact.

It is likewise certain that Westminster will maintain her high standards of scholarship in all phases of her curriculum. Her graduates have taken enviable standing in the Universities and Professional Schools where they have entered, and have given a good account of themselves in the varied lies of life chosen. With an increase of equipment which leaves the college second to none of her class in facilities for fostering higher education, it can be counted on that Westminster will meet the expectation of her friends in maintaining true educational standards and turning out products that will stand the test in both culture and character.

It seems probable likewise that Westminster will increasingly adapt her curriculum to the life purposes of students. The object of a Christian college has been defined as three-fold: "First, such training as will fairly prepare a student to enter upon any course of graduate or professional study, secondly, if the student does not continue his study beyond his college course, the acquiring of such liberal culture and effective discipline as will bring the largest possible development of character and power to the student himself and to the end that he may find his way through the world with satisfaction to himself and helpfulness to his fellow men; and thirdly, the development of such an attitude of heart, trend of will, and quality of life as will enable him to live the completest and most symmetrical Christian life on earth, and bring him to the end of his life's course prepared for a joyful graduation into the life eternal."

The above is a fair statement of Westminster's purposes toward her students. The first and second of these objects are not exclusive since the first in a large measure includes the second, while the third must be an inherent part of any system of education which "deals comprehensively and symmetrically with the human soul."

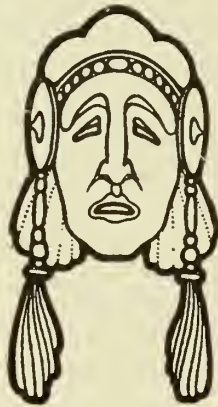
Westminster has maintained strong courses for those planning to enter the professions of the ministry, law, medicine, and teaching, or for those taking up the work of the professional schools. Modern life has elevated agriculture to the dignity of a profession. Westminster is, through her rural

environment, land possessions, and equipment, fitted to become a center of agricultural interest, where students can secure their preliminary training for highest efficiency in this line and where practical demonstration can be carried on for the benefit of the Western end of the State.

Westminster's future depends upon her loyalty to the moral and spiritual ideals which furnished the impulse for her founding. Just as the spiritual man possesses all the powers and qualities of a natural man plus the vital force of spirituality, so Westminster as a Christian college should possess all the intellectual excellencies of the so-called secular institutions plus those conditions and forces that tend to produce the highest grades of Christian character. Only as she maintains such ideals is she worthy of the benefactions of the forward-looking, kingdom loving followers of Christ.

The moral and spiritual test is one to which Westminster must ever successfully submit, if her future is to be crowned with the glory for which her best friends have worked and will continue to pray.

PRESIDENT ROBERT MCWATTY RUSSELL



Dr. McCulloch's Meetings

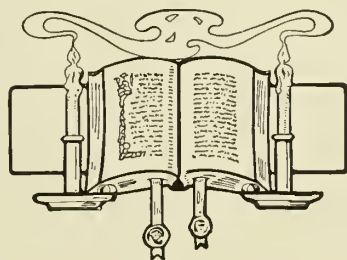
DR. W. E. McCULLOCH of the Homewood U. P. Church, Pittsburg, held a series of evangelistic meetings at the College during the week culminating Sabbath, February 21. During that time Dr. McCulloch spoke to the students at the morning Chapel services, and at Vesper services in the evenings. He also held personal interviews with students who desired to consult him. The meetings were successful in deepening the spiritual life of the student body.

For weeks before the meetings preparations had been made to secure the proper atmosphere. Such speakers as Weigle and Bookman of Penn State addressed the students. A large factor in the preparations were the prayer circles that met every evening. The influence of these prayers was coupled with some energetic personal work.

When Dr. McCulloch opened his work by a chapel talk Tuesday morning, every one was prepared to give him a hearty welcome. His chapel addresses were some of the clearest and most concise talks on the life and work of Christ that it has been our privilege to hear. His evening sermons were both instructive and beneficial. The truths he brought, reinforced by his own personality, appealed to every hearer. His arguments were logical and reasonable,—he did not try to present anything but Christ.

The most impressive service of the entire week was held Sabbath evening, at which time students and faculty members took part in a wonderfully inspiring "Say So" meeting. Many who had been touched by the spirit of Christ during the week testified at this meeting, and others told of their decision to devote their lives to the Master's service. This meeting revealed some of the spirituality that had come into the lives of many of the students. As yet all the results of the work are not apparent, but there can be no doubt that the attitude of the students has changed for the better, and that we are on the eve of a great spiritual awakening.

We wish to take this opportunity of thanking Dr. McCulloch for his untiring work while he was with us. He came to us not as a preacher, but as a friend, and his message was fitted to suit the needs and desires of students.



Heard at Maxim's

Many a young man who has the reputation of being a chip off the old block is merely a tooth off the old rake.

What we call sin in others we call experience in ourselves.

There are two kinds of men; those who admit they are vain—and liars.

What has become of the old fashioned girl who read the "Elsie" books and wore flannel petticoats?

The chief argument against prohibition is that it does not prohibit. That is also the chief argument in its favor.

Of course some women would vote intelligently,—some men darn socks beautifully.

Beauty is only skin deep, we are told. But fathers often warn their sons not to get in too deep with a woman.

We are waiting for some nut to remark that Harry K. had to wait for warm weather before he could Thaw out.

The Bunny Hug, the Grizzly Bear, the Turkey Trot, the Kangaroo Hop, The Twirly Whirl, the Horse Trot, the Brazilian Maxixe, the Lane Duck, the Salvation Army Glide, the Chaplin Walk, the Hoo—great grief, what next?

Some men never see the sun rise,—they always get in before that.

H. K. T. is sane. Si non e vero e ben trovato.



We Have Never Seen

"Jack" Milligan sitting with his feet propped up on a table, smoking a "London Life."

Prof. Smith reading the "Adventures of Nick Carter."

A successful chronology without the use of "Hubbard's" name.

"Petie Willie" declaring dividends on the athletic fee.

The Chorus come in Sabbath evening without some member sitting down before it is time.

"Jammie" holding a royal flush, and trying to rope in a sucker.

"Kitchie" when she wasn't holding a heated argument with her side partner "Bob" Rice.

"Ted" looking happy when he wasn't with Charlissa.

"Doc" Campbell mention Home Rule in Ireland without getting unduly excited.

"Jake" Weber looking unhappy because his name was mentioned in the paper.

Markle in class without his trousers pressed.

"Simmie" when he was at a loss for a bright remark.

"Peg" McCurdy when she wasn't laughing or trying to stop.

"Tub" wielding a cue in "Rosy's" billiard emporium.

"Bill" Grundish get to breakfast and to Chapel on one and the same morning.

Mrs. McClure reading the funny page of a Sunday newspaper.

Mary Stooddy eating Neccos when she could get R. V. B.

Dart trying to persuade the fellows to come out to the Bible Class next Sabbath morning.

Ruth Beatty playing basket ball or tennis.

The New Wilmington Fire Department

GEORGE WASHINGTON, the father of his country and the hero of Dr. Marsh's famous address, once remarked, "In time of peace prepare for war." It was probably this sensible advice that caused the Kaiser to secure all rights to the latest model Krupp gun, and urged the founders of this flourishing little village to establish a volunteer fire department. Just when the department was organized no one seems to know, but all authorities are agreed that it was in the ante-bellum days when Perry Kuhn was still wearing short trousers (they called them pants in those days) and Austin Joe was learning how to chew "Red Man."

At present the department consists of one cart in fairly good condition, a hundred feet of more or less leaky hose, seven tin buckets, one dishpan, two wooden ladders, one patent fire extinguisher, one speaking trumpet, two tincups, one fire gong, and every male inhabitant of the village, from Billy Barnes to Rev. Kirkbride. Nothing could be more inspiring than to watch the department charge down the main street with a heroism and determination rivalling that of the Six Hundred at Balaclava. The following story will serve to illustrate the noble work done by the department.

It was an evening in early March,—one of those evenings when the world seems to be doing a "Hesitation Waltz" between Winter and Spring. The streets of the village were empty. "Jammie" had finished his fourth helping of mashed potatoes and was just about to begin on his dessert. "Hubbard" sat in his accustomed place wielding a toothpick, and idly wondering whether Nora was as good a cook as Mrs. Minter. Button (the elder) was chuckling with delight over a "full house" John Vivian had dealt him by mistake. "Bob" Rice had stopped eating long enough to tell one of her famous "nobody home" stories. "Walt" Braham was trying to decide whether to write a debate brief or to read his Ethics lesson. Jewell was reading the "Rubaiyat," and had just got to that part about: "Into this universe, and why not knowing, nor—" when suddenly something happened.





"Jammie" forgot his dessert, "Hub" swallowed the toothpick, Button dropped the "full house," "Bob" forgot the point to her joke, and Jewell lost his trend of thought. Doors banged, windows slammed, feet clattered up the street, and the clang of the gong mingled with shrill cries of "Fire—Foyurr."

"Where's the fire?"

"At Becky Dav—Fire."

"Oh looky, the flames."

"Wheretellsfire?"

"Billy Barnes, you stay right here."

"Foyurr."

"Listentuthatheregong."

"Here comes the injin,—Foyurr."

In a twinkling the entire population of the village was gathered in front of Becky Davidson's house, the roof of which was blazing in a dozen places. Shield's, with the foresight of a born fire insurance agent, rushed into the house and rescued the coffee pot and a bag of clothes pins. Shatto, forgetting that he had on his Sunday suit, climbed from "Jammie's" shoulders to the roof, and began to tear off the shinkles. "Jimmy" Kerr ran to the Hillside to ask Jean if he could help to put out the fire.

"Where's some buckets?"

"Oh looky,—the roof's burning."

"Ain't it just turrible."

"Howditchatch?"

"Ain't it exciting,—Foyurr."

Dan heroically dashed into the kitchen and saved two pans, a strip of

oilcloth, and a box of Uneeda Biscuits. "Jack" rushed upstairs, and with his customary sangfroid tossed two lamps and a mirror out of the window, then walked slowly to a position of safety carrying three pillow slips. Just at this moment "Ted" arrived on the scene, and, dashing into the blazing building amid the frenzied cheers of the assembled multitudes, carried a chair and a packet of hairpins from the doomed house.

While these heroic rescues were taking place, "Mike" and Harold, one armed with a coal scuttle and the other with a collapsible drinking cup, managed to extinguish the flames on the roof. Prof. Shaffer finished the work by knocking several bricks from the chimney in such a way that they hit Baird on the head. With a loud cry that almost equalled some of the noises he makes while taking his voice lessons, Lloyd sank to the ground in a faint. For a moment all was uproar and confusion. Then the calm voice of "Butch" was heard, stilling the tumult of sounds with warnings to "give him air." With a shout that he did not want air, Baird leaped to his feet, and ran to the Music Hall. The crowd slowly moved on, and the excitement was over.

"What did you say?" "What?" "Oh, you mean the fire department?" "I forgot to say that it was stuck in the mud somewhere along the road."



Who's Who at Westminster

The most popular girl.....	Marian Kitch
The most popular man.....	"Ted" Buckley
The prettiest girl.....	Margaret Miller
The best looking man.....	"Tub" Fulton
The worst lady fusser.....	Dr. Campbell
The biggest flirt.....	Mary Stooddy
The most talkative girl.....	Marie Lytle
The most talkative man.....	"Pete" Hormel
The most self-satisfied girl.....	Dorothea Keast
The most susceptible.....	"Walt" Braham
The all round college girl.....	Charlissa Hunter
The all around college man.....	"Dan" McQuiston
The best student.....	"Bob" Stewart
The worst giggler.....	"Peg" McCurdy
The tallest man.....	"Jammie"
The most lady-like man.....	"Miz" Dart
The quietest girl.....	"Fish" Grundish
The freshest Freshman.....	Powers Shatto
The softest Sophomore.....	Cecil Sniff
The most love-sick Junior.....	"Doc" Moore
The most dignified Senior.....	"Charlotte" Orr
The laziest man.....	"Pete" Patterson
The college widow.....	Helen Troup
The smallest girl.....	"Ag" Little
The most brazen girl.....	Genevieve Houston
The most self-satisfied man.....	"Jake" Weber
The Greek shark.....	"Johnny" Mercer
The philosophy fiend.....	Arthur Jewell
The neatest man.....	"Joe" McCracken
The biggest eater.....	Bruce Clark

From the Funny Papers

IN THE BARBER SHOP

BARBER (of the exceedingly communicative kind, to the customer he is shaving): Yes, your hair is coming out on top, I see.

CUSTOMER: Good! Now keep quiet or you'll scare it back in again!

—*Life*

George Ade is said to have introduced a speaker at a banquet by remarking:

"Two towns in Indiana lay claim to the honor of Mr. Blank's birth-place." (*A pause, during which Mr. Blank strove to look modestly deprecating.*) "Warsaw states that he was born in Kokomo, and Kokomo insists that the honor belongs to Warsaw."—*Everybody's*.

THE FIRST

When their first son as born, Adam is thought by some critics to have remarked, not without much acerbity: "Red hair! Wouldn't that jar you?"

"Well, I am not presenting you with any gold-headed Cains, if I know myself!" retorted Eve, affecting indifference, albeit secretly mortified to death.—*Puck*.

"Why do you write a book with the sex problem as the theme?"

"Why," replied the astonished author, "is there any other subject that would sell better?"—*Life*.

FORTUNE'S WHEEL

"See that old chap?" remarked the clubman, pointing out the window to an old peddler who carried a basket of shoe-laces. "Well, he came to this country from Russia ten years ago. He borrowed some money to purchase a basket and began to peddle shoe-laces. How much do you think he's worth to-day? Just make a guess."

Several large sums were mentioned expectantly.

"Wrong," said the clubman. "He isn't worth a cent and he still owes for the basket."—*Puck*.

RIGHTNESS

"Be sure you're right," exclaimed the Confident Philosopher, "and then go ahead!"

"Be sure you're right," protested the Married Man, "and then get down on your knees and ask to be forgiven!"—*Puck*.

A SURE CURE

A man with rheumatism joined the Christian Scientists. He was asked: "Did Christian Science cure you of rheumatism?"

"No, but rheumatism cured me of Christian Science."—*Life*.

SOOTHING THE CELEBRITY

"I am requested, ladies and gentlemen," suavely said Colonel Handy Polk, addressing the beauty and chivalry of Torpidville, in the Grand Old Commonwealth of Arkansas, assembled to enjoy the third in the Lyceum Course's series of entertainments, "to introduce to you in a—er—h'm!—few well-chosen words, the distinguished gentlemen who will—ah!—edify us upon this occasion, a man whom we all know so well by reputation, whose name is a household word from one bound of this broad land to the other, whose delicate satire has amused and entertained the whole nation, whose wealth of humor is the laughing link betwixt the North and South, and—er—ah!—well, I have now done so and he will—er—er—now do so. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you for—but, ah-h'm! (turning to the celebrity)—by the way, what did you say your name was?"—*Puck*.

WHY IS WAR NEWS?

From the French War Office.—The War Office tonight admits that the French losses have been serious. It asserts, however, that the German casualties have been even greater.

From the German War Office.—The War Office tonight admits that the German losses have been serious. It asserts, however, that the French casualties have been even greater.

From the Russian War Office.—The War Office admits that Russian losses have been serious. It asserts, however, that the Austro-German casualties have been even greater.

From the Austrian War Office.—The War Office admits that the Austro-German losses have been serious. It asserts, however, that the Russian casualties have been even greater.

From the Turkish War Office.—The War Office admits that the Turkish losses have been serious. It asserts, however, that the Allies' casualties have been even greater.

From the British War Office.—The War Office admits that the Allies' losses have been serious. It asserts, however, that the—

Oh, what's the use? You can read it all in to-morrow morning's paper.—*Puck*.



The Eyes of Armasa

MOST of my friends tell me that I have changed completely. Perhaps I have. Iola says so, and I surely value her opinion. Posse says nothing,—he merely looks at me in his queer, questioning way and shakes his head slowly,—but I know that he too things my entire life has been altered. But Cameron says that I have not changed,—that I have merely come to recognize certain fundamental truths that had been obscured. Personally I think his opinion is the right one. For the fact that I have come to believe in a personal God who is exercising a watchful care over the affairs of this world does not necessarily mean that my life has been changed. It means, I think, that I must give up much of my experimental work in science, and that I must use my old powers and advantages to defend the doctrines I once ignored. If I seem anxious or moody, it is not because of any change or belief, but because of my struggle to choose between the two paths that lie before me. When I am with Iola the thought often comes to throw convictions to the wind, and to live with her the life we had planned. But sometimes, in my sleep, the vision comes to me of that terrible scene before the Dawn of History. Once again I see the venerable form of old Melchior, standing with outstretched arms,—an uncanny white figure against the black background of night. Again I hear the ringing tones of his voice as he foretells the doom to come, and pleads for repentance. And as I rise to obey him I feel Armasa slip her arms around me to hold me in my place, while she watches me with those siren eyes of hers. Then comes that awful moment of Chaos and Terror, and I feel her arms tightening and dragging me down, down, down, until I wake trembling with horror of it all, and with the terrible conviction that the eyes of Armasa are the eyes of Iola.

I can hardly realize that only six weeks have passed since that memorable evening on which Posse received the inspiration for his great experiment. The three of us were gathered in Cameron's cozy study, as was our habit every Friday evening. I never could understand just what attraction drew us together, for we were a strange trio. There was Cameron, the minister of the largest Presbyterian church in the city, whose unconcealed desire to know new things was an unceasing delight to me. He was calm, deliberate, methodical, massive,—a big man in every sense of the word. Dr. Posse, short, quick, and nervous, was his direct opposite, yet a very close friendship existed between the two men. They monopolized the conversation at our little gatherings, although I occasionally put in a word criticizing Posse's rather optimistic view of existence, or scoffing at Cameron's defense of some theological doctrine. But, unlike as we were, I am sure that all of us enjoyed our little weekly gatherings. On the evening of which I am telling Posse stood leaning against the mantlepiece, discussing his recent discoveries in the realm of hypnotism.

"You know as well as I do," he was saying, "That it is possible to make certain subjects trace back the whole course of their existence while in an hypnotic sleep. Perhaps you have heard of De Rochas' experiments along this line, Cameron?"

Cameron nodded.

"I remember reading of them somewhere. They were attempts to prove the doctrine of reincarnation, I think."

"And because these attempts didn't appeal to your principles as a minister," I interposed, "you threw the book aside in scorn."

"No indeed," replied Cameron quietly, "my mind is always open to receive new truths,—that's a rather trite expression, though, isn't it? But go on with your account, Posse."

"In one case," continued the Doctor, "Colonel de Rochas took a girl back to the seventeenth century by means of successive reincarnations. But in this case, as in others, further reincarnations were impossible on account of the exhaustion of the patient. The problem, therefore was to discover some method to do away with exhaustion." "Carter," he said, turning to me, "have you ever heard of the Dammerschlaf?"

"The what?" I asked absently. I had been thinking of Iola.

"The Dammerschlaf—the Twilight Sleep," he repeated.

"Oh yes," I said, "It is a method of painless childbirth perfected by Dr. Kronig of Baden."

"Partly right," said Posse. "It is a balance between the states of consciousness induced by an injection of a combination of two drugs, scopolamin and morphia. I have discovered that a patient under the influence of these drugs can be subjected to hypnotic influences without the usual exhaustion."

"But wouldn't the Twilight Sleep, as you call it, prevent hypnotism?" objected Cameron.

"No," replied Posse, "The subject loses consciousness of pain and bodily sensation, but remains susceptible to suggestion and in full possession of muscular power. Yesterday, by means of such an injection, and by the hypnotic influence of downward passes, I made one of my assistants trace back his existence for six centuries with comparative ease. I discovered, moreover, that it is possible to administer nourishment to a patient in this hypnotic sleep."

"How long does the patient remain under the influence of the injected drugs?" I asked.

"I think the subject could be left in the trance for an indefinite length of time," answered the Doctor, "the first injection of the two drugs is followed by repeated injections of scopolamin alone. As long as these injections are in the hands of an expert, and the matter of the nourishment is carefully attended to, I see no reason why the successive reincarnations should not be carried back far beyond the wildest dreams of DeRochas or of Richet. Think of what it would mean, Carter. We would get the hidden history of faroff ages at first hand. We would be able to know—but I am being carried away by my interest in the theme. It will be time enough to talk of these things

when I have carried my experiments to the very limit."

"And besides," I suggested slyly, "Cameron wants to talk about some of his pet theories on prophecy."

Posse laughed.

"Comeran has a new field of endeavour now," he explained, "did you hear his sermon Sunday evening?"

I shook my head and smiled; I had not seen the inside of a church for over a year.

"He spoke on the creation of the world, and proclaimed some ideas that were new to me. Tell us about them, Cameron, I'm sure Carter will be interested."

Cameron was silent for a moment.

"Well," he began slowly. "you know that I believe in the literal interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis.—that a personal God created each thing from the lowest organism to the highest. Adam, I think, was an individual created by God, and not the type of a race of men produced by evolution."

I smiled at what I then regarded as his folly.

"Your interpretation would measure the earth's existence in thousands of years," I remarked, "while the merest dabbler in geology will tell you it is to be reckoned in tens of millions."

"That seeming discrepancy puzzled me for a long time," continued Cameron, "for I could not believe that the proven truths of Science did not agree with God's Word. I have, however, discovered a possible solution; there may be a long lapse of years between the first two verses of the first chapter of Genesis."

"A sort of hiatus," suggested Posse.

"Something like that," assented Cameron, "the condition of the earth during this hiatus is described in the second verse,—it was without form and void. My own idea is that before this hiatus there existed what might be called a Pre-Adamic civilization,—a civilization as great or even greater than our own. For some reason God saw fit to blot it from the earth, and to re-create the world anew. Of course this is only a theory, but to me it seems a plausible one, and one that removes any discrepancies in regard to time."

"I like the idea," said Posse, "you ought to write it up, and call it the Reincarnation of a World or something like that. What do you think, Carter?"

"To tell the truth," I said, "it seems to be another attempt to reconcile a rather indefinite—perhaps allegorical—account of creation to scientific truth. Cameron admits that it is only a theory—and one that cannot be tested at that."

"Unless Posse could send a subject back that far by means of his new hypnotic process," Cameron added with a smile.

I laughed; the idea seemed so absurd.

"Why not?" exclaimed Posse, quick to resent the slightest disparaging

remark in regard to his discoveries, "it would not be an impossibility. It would require days, weeks perhaps, and the injections would have to be very accurate, but—no, it would not be an impossibility. Of course, the patient would have to be a man of strong constitution, and in perfect condition physically."

"If you could furnish the time and accuracy," I remarked, still smiling, "I think I could fill the bill as patient."

Cameron leaned forward suddenly.

"Then why not perform such an experiment?" he asked with more energy than he usually revealed. "Can you do it as you said, Posse?"

Posse nodded.

"And how about you, Carter? Are you willing to act as patient? You're strong enough, I guess,—you appear to be in the pink of condition."

"I'm willing enough," I replied, "but—"

"Then everything is settled," interrupted the Doctor, who had seized the idea with his usual nervous promptness, urged on, I believe, not so much by the greatness of the experiment as by my unconcealed belief that it was doomed to failure, "it remains only to settle the minor details as to time and place."

Thus the affair began. Perhaps if I could have seen the results I would not have been so willing to offer myself as the subject. Yet I was sure the experiment was folly,—there would be successive reincarnations for a few centuries back, I thought, and then the usual awakening. Iola, however, believed in the experiment, and urged me to do my part, knowing that in the event of its success I would have knowledge at my command beyond the wildest conjectures of scientists. Iola was always ambitious for my success. But the results of the experiment were so different from what we had imagined. Now I must sacrifice the scientific work we had planned to do together. Perhaps I must even sacrifice Iola. Sometimes I wish I had not taken part in the affair. Yet again I shudder to think that I might have refused; that I might have continued in my old life, ignorant of the greatest truth of all. If I could only decide what to do.

But to return to my account. There were many details to arrange before we could separate on that memorable evening. We discussed the matter very carefully from every viewpoint, for we knew, as scientists, that each detail must be arranged for in advance. We finally decided to begin the experiment in one of Posse's rooms on Friday morning, two weeks from that day. I was to spend the intervening time preparing for the ordeal, for, as Posse admitted, it would be a severe test in spite of the drugs and nourishment. With Cameron's help he figured that the Creation took place 5426 B. C. That figure added to the 1914 years of our present era, made a total of 7340 years through which I would have to pass to make the experiment a success. Assuming from his former experience that thirty minutes would be required for each fifty years, Posse decided that it would be necessary for me to remain in the hypnotic sleep for about seventy-two hours. To that time, he remarked as an afterthought, must be added several hours to account for variations in the speed of the later reincarnations. So the program mapped

out for me was not an easy one, but as I did not think that the experiment would extend beyond eight or ten centuries at the most, I did not worry about difficulty or hardship. Only a sense of duty to my friends caused me to prepare myself as well as I could for a prolonged trial.

Posse secured Dr. Stahl, who had been connected with Dr. Kronig at the clinic of the University of Baden, to assist at the experiment. During the two weeks I was constantly under his supervision. He laid down rules regarding my exercise, diet, recreation,—in fact, he did everything possible to prepare my body to withstand the exhaustion that a prolonged sleep would bring in spite of the drugs. Posse also went through a system of training, for he too would have to endure a long strain. Cameron tells me that although he was to take no active part in the experiment he was as nervous and irritable as an ailing child. Iola, too, was excited. Dr. Stahl would not permit me to see her, but I have learned since that she called Posse on the telephone every day to ask if she could be of any help. Needless to say, we told no outsiders of our plans.

The evening before the appointment day I went to Posse's house, and spent the night there. The next morning I rose early and ate a light breakfast of cereals which Dr. Stahl had prepared with his own hands. Afterward he subjected me to a rigid physical examination, the result of which seemed to be satisfactory. At nine o'clock he led me to the room in which the experiment was to take place. This room, which was lighted by two large windows, was furnished very simply. The walls were of white tile, unrelieved by any decorations. Several dark-colored rugs were scattered about on the floor. In the center of the room was a padded invalid's chair, which could be adjusted to any position. Nearby was a small table, on which stood several bottles and a case of instruments. As I entered the room Cameron seized my hand.

"I'm going to give you my good wishes now," he said, earnestly. "Posse wouldn't let me remain unless I promised to sit in a corner without saying a word. I hope and pray that you come through all right, Carter."

"I will, never fear," I answered cheerfully.

Just then Posse came toward us, watch in hand.

"On time to the dot," he said, "that's a good beginning. Now, Carter, if you will sit in that chair."

I seated myself in the invalid chair, and he adjusted it so that I was in a reclining position.

"Is everything ready?" he asked.

Dr. Stahl nodded.

"The nourishment?" insisted Posse.

"Miss Cooke will bring it when I call."

"Then au revoir, and a pleasant voyage, Carter." He gripped my hand warmly.

Dr. Stahl, who had been sorting the instruments at the table, approached with a small hypodermic syringe in his hand. He made the first injection, which I knew was of scopolamin and morphium, under my left shoulder. Then he drew up a chair and sat down beside me. For a long time there

was not a sound in the room. I lay perfectly still. Posse stood looking out of the window, his hands clasped behind his back. I could see his thin fingers inter-twining nervously. Out of the corner of my eye I caught glimpses of Cameron sitting in a corner. Nothing else, save the white monotony of the walls. I closed my eyes to shield them from the light. How soon would the drugs take effect, I wondered. It seemed foolish to be lying there so long doing nothing. Then I remembered that I had forgotten to ask if Iola had sent any message. It was too late to find out, but I thought to myself that she must have sent some word,—she was so interested in the experiment. Iola was always interested in anything that concerned me; she was more anxious for my success than I was myself. And she was so thoughtful. It was pleasant to lie there and think back over the happy times we had spent together. A movement in the room aroused me from my lethargy. I opened my eyes. Carter was bending over me. His firm fingers began to stroke my forehead monotonously in a caressing sort of way. Dimly I realized that some kind of an experiment was beginning. I closed my eyes again. How pleasant it was to rest there on that dreamy tide of indifference. Then Posse and the room faded from my thoughts, and I began to retrace the course of my life.

Of my journey back to the beginning of things I need say but little. A detailed account may be found in Posse's articles in the *Scientific Gazette*. Suffice to say here that by means of downward and transverse passes, Posse caused me to go back through successive reincarnations, generation after generation, century after century. To begin with, I passed through the experiences of my youth, then of my childhood, for in that mystic, inverted world lives go backwards and begin at the end. And then I found myself in a deep indefinite darkness, in which I felt no pain, but was conscious of a disagreeable feeling of irritation. At last, a few streaks of light appeared in the darkness, and suddenly I found myself—or to speak more correctly I found the spirit that now inhabits the body of Charles Carter—in the body of an old man. In this form I experienced the awful battles of our Civil War, and the political struggle preceding that national catastrophe. Then through youth, through childhood, into the outer darkness. Thus back and back through reincarnation after reincarnation, living lives from end to beginning, from age to youth, from effect to cause. Sometimes my spirit inhabited the form of a man, and sometimes the form of a woman; now I was an aristocrat, and again a plebian; now a hero, and again a coward. But always back and back, discovering motives for deeds already performed, planning for efforts already completed.

Cut of the seething mass of experiences through which I passed a few scenes remain vividly pictured in my mind. I will tell of them briefly, and in the normal order,—not in the weird backward fashion in which they occurred to me. I remember standing on the brow of a low hill, looking out over the wall and towers and housetops of a city, that gleamed white and splendidly fair beneath the bright rays of the sun. I was clad in a suit of battered armor; in my right hand I held a lance; my left supported a shield on which was graven the red cross of a Crusader. And as I stood looking out over Jerusalem, there came to my heart a wonderfully peaceful feeling of

work for good well done. Then back and back for long centuries. The interior of a great temple appeared with massive pillars reaching from the floor to the vaulted ceiling. At one end was the gigantic image of a Deity. I bowed before the atlar, with the sacrificial gift in my hands. From behind me sounded the monotonous voices of the lesser priests chanting a hymn in praise of Artamazda, the Sun God. Again a succession of lives in light and shade. I found myself clinging to the trunk of a tree, floating on a broad expanse of dark waters. There was nothing to be seen but the wreckage-strewn waves, and the gloomy sky above, from which the rain poured down upon the doomed earth. While round about me the cries and curses and prayers of the dying rose in a chorus indescribable. Again back and back, until my spirit moved for a long time in an unbroken darkness, feeling a dull irritation and a vague striving after light. The darkness seemed to thicken,—it became black, awful, uncanny. A gurgling, lapping sound was audible, like the washing of the waves upon a dreary coast. The whole earth was waste and void, and the Spirit of Something Awful, Infinite, brooded upon the face of the waters. It was terrible, terrible. Back, Back. A streak of light pierced the black void, then another and another,—until the Pre-Adamic reincarnation had begun.

I found myself in the form of a young man, reclining at a table in a vast banquet hall, which was blazing with a myriad dazzling lights. Great columns of white marble rose to support the dome of the roof; the walls were hidden beneath purple tapestries. About me were gathered hundreds of my friends and companions, assembled to do me honor. Scores of whiteclad servants passed silently to and fro, placing before the guests the choicest foods and wines, served in priceless vessels of silver and gold. And in the air there seemed to hover winged strains of music, coming from some unseen orchestra. It was a vivid, brilliant scene of beauty and revelry. Yet above the hum of conversation and the soft sounds of music could be distinguished the rumble of the thunder and the dull roar of the storm without. At the sound I shuddered.

"It is a wild night, Armasa," I said, turning to the maiden who reclined by my side, but she did not hear my remark. She was looking out over the hall, her chin resting in the palm of her right hand. How shall I describe her as I saw her there, clad in a simple white mantle, embroidered in purple and gold, and loosely fastened about her slim waist by a thick cord of twisted gold thread. The perfect profile, the tinted cheeks, the straight white throat that rose from the neck to her faultless ear, the heavy waves of dull black hair, combined to make a picture of wondrous beauty, whose repose I hesitated to disturb. But she must have sensed my gaze, for she turned suddenly.

"It is a wild night," I repeated.

"What care you, Cleonor?" she asked quickly. "The storm is without. Here is joy, and pleasure, and,—yes, and love."

I did not answer, but turned away, and looked about me. The scene was becoming madder and more disorderly; the guests were evidently becoming enlivened under the influence of the wine and the music. A group of dancing girls were swinging up and down between the tables, singing a wild

chorus of love, and strewing the watchers with fragrant flowers. But the scene brought little joy to my heart,—glamour and glitter and revelry, I thought, to be followed by an aftermath of sorrow at daybreak. And the low, menacing rumble of the thunder sent strange, disquieting ideas reeling through my brain,—thoughts of pain and despair, woe and death.

"Come, Cleonor," begged Armasa, a trifle warmly. "Forget your gloomy thoughts. Here is joy and beauty, everything to gladden the heart, and yet your face is as clouded as the darkness without. One would think that old Melchoir had influenced you with his croaking words."

"Melchior is a good man and a prophet," I said.

"A good man, truly, in spite of his tales of woe," replied Armasa, "but no prophet. Forget these thoughts, Cleonor. Tonight is for love, for mirth, for pleasure. Come, drink and love."

She clasped her soft arms about my neck; her lips were very close to mine. I looked down into the glowing depths of her sapphire-blue eyes, those radiant, mysterious eyes that called and haunted and lured, and I read in them the sum of all pleasure and love. For an instant I held her tightly, sprang to my feet.

"To pleasure," I shouted, holding a goblet aloft.

"To pleasure," came the answering shouts, and the company drank long and deep. Then I sank back into my place, and the revelry began anew, madder and faster than before, and the music and the wine and the dancers mingled in a kaleidoscopic whirl of color and taste and sound. But suddenly there was an interruption. The great bronze doors swung open; the wind forced in the damp breath of the tempest; and a crash of thunder drowned the music and the laughter. I looked up. Melchior the Prophet stood in the entrance, his arms outstretched, his long snow-white beard and his flowing garments making him an uncanny specter figure against the black background of night. At the ringing tones of his voice the music ceased; the dancers shrank into a corner; each guest sat transfixed in his place.

"Woe unto you, evil doers, corrupters; a company laden with iniquity, haughty and lofty in your hearts.

"A nation laden with sin, making sport of the messenger of the Holy One.

"A foolish people making vain oblations of pleasure to the Powers of Darkness.

"Woe unto you, for the Day of the Holy One is upon you. And the loftiness of man shall be brought low, and the sin of man shall be devoured with the sword. Your cities shall be swept with fire, and your vineyards laid waste.

"And your soul shall stand stripped before the awfulness of His power. For He has seen your sin, and shall send your spirits into outer darkness, where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

"Repent, O ye people, from your sins. Turn away from your transgressions. Seek ye first the Holy One and His forgiveness, ere the End cometh when there will be no repentance, but judgment."

He paused. There was not a sound save the rush and the roar of the

storm without. A terrific crash of thunder rolled and reverberated through the darkness.

"Repent ye, O nation, from your iniquity. For the day of His judgment is at hand, and the inhabitants of the earth shall be trodden in the wine press of His wrath. Seek His forgiveness in sackcloth and ashes, leaving your works of evil and darkness."

Melchior's words stirred me to the innermost depth of my heart. Again I felt the mockery of the revelry about me; again there surged through my mind strange, menacing thoughts of destruction and death. I half arose, intending to leave the hall with its glamour and sin, but Armasa slipped her arms about me to hold me in my place.

"Are you mad?" she asked sternly.

"I shook my head and tried to leave but she still detained me.

"Come, Cleonor," she coaxed, "you have the heart of a beardless boy to be stirred by Melchior's croaking words. Would you change this life and me for his hard, cold doctrines? Here is joy and life and love. Come, kiss me, Cleonor."

She held my face close to hers, and lured me with those deep, wonderful, siren eyes of hers. Through my mind ran thoughts of the storm, of Melchior, of the threatened judgment. Then all were forgotten in the rapture of a kiss.

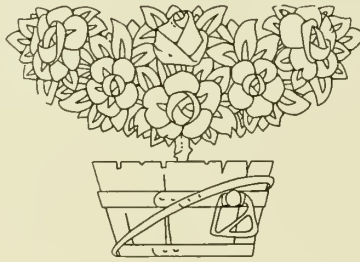
A vivid sheet of lightning flashed in the doorway; a terrible crash of thunder rumbled through the night. Then flash after flash, while the roar of the tempest and the crash of the thunder mingled in fearful chords of destruction. A shrill wailing sound arose, louder and louder. The hall rocked dizzily in the throes of an earthquake; the lights flickered and went out. One of the marble columns smashed down across the tables, and the cries of the wounded and dying rose to swell the terrible chorus of death. Darkness and woe, terror and destruction. Then the roof fell apart, and the veil of Heaven was rent. There appeared dazzling cohorts of splendid Beings, clad in glory indescribable and unbearable,—and *in that awful moment I knew there was a God*—I saw the walls begin to totter and sway. Armasa's arms tightened about me; I could feel her hot breath on my cheek. "Come, Cleonor," she whispered, and her siren, hypnotic eyes drew me irresistibly closer. A crash, and then I felt her dragging me through illimitable levels of darkness and death, and I saw her luring eyes gleaming through eternities of night. Darkness and light, death and life, and then into a limitless blankness, sans end and sans beginning.

Posse's great experiment is over. I was in the hypnotic sleep seventy-eight hours and twenty-five minutes. Afterward I lay for three weeks, half delirious, recovering from the terrible strain. The experiment must be counted a success, for it proved that Posse's methods of hypnotism were possible, and that Cameron's idea of the hiatus was correct.

But I care little about the effects of the experiment except in so far as they have affected my own life. Perhaps I have changed, as some of my

friend say. Or perhaps, as Cameron claims, I have merely come to realize certain fundamental truths that had been obscured. But it is not any change of opinion that is making me gloomy and silent,—it is the problem which I am trying to solve. The experience of that awful moment before the Dawn of History, when I was lured to destruction by the siren eyes of Armasa, taught me that there is a God, and all my convictions tell me to proclaim and follow Him. But Iola smiles at what she is pleased to term my fancy, and continues to plan for our life together. And when I frown and tell her that I cannot continue my scientific work, she slips her arm around my shoulders, and looks into my face with her sapphire-blue eyes. And I forget all about my convictions in the joy of a kiss. But at night I realize that Iola's eyes are those that gleamed before me through eternities of darkness,—that Iola's eyes are the eyes of Armasa, and I know that they will lead me to destruction again. It is hard, though, to choose between Iola and my convictions. On one side is ambition and pleasure, love and Iola; on the other is conviction and right, duty and God. I am moody and silent, because I do not know which side to choose.

THE END.



March

- March 1. March comes in like the proverbial lion.
- March 2. Worst storm yet. The girls object to ploughing their way to 8:30 classes, but managed to get to the lecture in the evening.
- March 3. "Pete" Patterson contributes to the Howard Martin fund.
- March 4. Two causes of excitement,—the new "Argo" staff is elected, and the Discipline Committee holds its second meeting in a week.
- March 5. The Second Churchites take a sledload in the mud, while the First Churchites play "Going to Jerusalem" in Philo.
- March 6. Walter Earnest entertains the musically inclined.
- March 7. The Vans have a sledload to Mercer, while the Crescents go to Hubbard. Which crowd got in first? Crescents? Wrong for once.
- March 8. "Petie Willie" tells the chorus to reserve their sweet smiles for Saturday afternoon.
- March 9. Red Letter Day in the halls of Westminster. Perry trails the culprits to their lair.
- March 10. Dr. Rankin comes to revive us again.. Perry still scrubbing paint.
- March 11. Dr. Russell discusses "deeds of darkness."
- March 12. Perry finds a new clue.
- March 13. Friday the thirteenth—and nothing happened.
- March 14. Students elect a council to advise the faculty. Strathern leads the ragtime band in the gym.
- March 15. Joe McCracken enjoys his monthly shave.
- March 16. Prof. Mills tells the young ladies his opinion of their gentlemen friends.
- March 17. Hillside girls beat the Town girls 25 to 16.

- March 18. Prof. Smith breaks a broom handle while sweeping the kitchen.
- March 19. The girls turn out to a mass meeting which is not.
- March 20. We put one over on Pitt in debate. Prof. Moses weeps tears of joy.
- March 21. The Girls' Basket Ball Team beats P. C. W. The Shorts clean up the Longs in the evening.
- March 22. The Men's Glee Club adds zest to our evening worship.
- March 23. No strolling. "Hubbard" sits in sackcloth and ashes.
- March 24. The Language Societies give a reception to the faculty. Many are interested but few are invited.
- March 25. Alderman recites "Toussaint L'Ouverture."
- March 26. The chronologist packs her trunks.
- March 27. When the Sharpville choo-choo leaves for "Home Sweet Home."



April

- April 6. Back to the farm.
- April 7. Everybody (?) attends class,—and flunks.
- April 8. The lethargy begins to wear off.
- April 9. Oesterling forgets to ask a question after the bell rings in Greek class.
- April 10. Mary Beth and Margaret Littell put a "busy" sign on their door. Will wonders never cease?
- April 11. The "Roosters" give the "Spring Chickens" an Easter "hop."
- April 12. Easter bonnets in evidence at morning Chapel services. "Doc" hasn't nerve enough to ask the fair damsels to remove their hats.
- April 13. Prof. Mills and Senator Munn take the Biology class for a bird trip.
- April 14. "Jammie" swears off smoking.
- April 15. "Pete" Hormel recites in Chemistry class.
- April 16. The Glee Club goes on another trip.
- April 17. "Dave" Schnable begins his Junior Oration.
- April 18. The Van Club calls at the Hillside en masse. Christy plays the part of the Gold Dust Twins.
- April 19. The Hillside enraged at the sight of their empty ice cream freezer sailing serenely down the creek.
- April 20. Another epidemic of limits. Ye gods, have pity.
- April 21. The Junior girls formally receive the Senior girls in the Hillside parlor. "Tink," "Tub," and "Simmy" add local color to the occasion.
- April 22. Dr. Kyle gives a moving picture show in Chapel. Prof. Mill's new shoes hurt his feet.

- April 23. Cheese, wash rags, missing articles, irate sophomores, and obstreperous freshies much in evidence.
- April 24. Aw, well. Every dog has his day. Eh, Shields?
- April 25. Moses displays his private pupils while "Coxey's Army" demonstrates "The boy stood on the burning deck, eating peanuts by the peck."
- April 26. George Vincent attends Bible Class.
- April 27. The Hillside waits expectantly for a serenade which makes itself unduly conspicuous by its absence.
- April 28. The Soph boys spend the night putting up an ominous looking banner in Chapel.
- April 29. Dr. Russell discourses on "deeds of darkness." Walter Lindsey mops up the Crescent tennis court.
- April 30. We show State a few things about debating.



May

- May 1. Interclass track meet. Our class wins again. Hurrah.
- May 2. Marian Hover plays leapfrog with "Charlotte's" suitcase down the Hillside stairs.
- May 3. Dr. Russell versus June bugs in Chapel.
- May 4. Ethel Young gets a free ride from the Van tennis court to the Hillside.
- May 5. Dr. Frost comes to convert us. B-r-r-r-r. In May, too.
- May 6. 1915 "Argos" are placed on the market.
- May 7. "Doc" Campbell tells about his Spanish War experiences.
- May 8. Dr. Glenn Frank causes considerable palpitation of hearts at the Hillside.
- May 9. We finish second in a dual track meet with Tech.
- May 10. "Bugs" delivers an anti-osculation lecture at a joint Y. P. C. U. meeting.
- May 11. More rain and mud. Slippery Rock game called off.
- May 12. "Fritz" wins the Tri-State. As a result the couples are allowed twenty-one minutes to get back to the Hillside.
- May 13. Davis and Grundish beg to be allowed to recite in Greek class.
- May 14. The Seniors try to hold a party in the Hillside parlor. Room 11 arranges the furniture.
- May 15. Sure sign of spring,—"Shorty" Shields appears in a straw hat.
- May 16. Girls take a joy-ride to Mercer. We win a triangular meet from Geneva and Grove City.
- May 17. One June bug comes to hear Prof. Barr's sermon on "Fools."
- May 18. We present Grove City with a little token of our regard in the shape of a baseball game.
- May 19. The Glee Club gives a concert in Sharon.

- May 20. A day to be remembered,—neither Clara nor Mabel in the dining room early.
- May 21. The Second Churchites have a social, but the “eats” disappear. “Pete” swears a blue streak in public.
- May 22. “Manee” smears his “Tacitus” class with a searching exam.
- May 23. The Crescents picnic in Shaky Hollow. Nora and “Hubbard” are the last in, as usual.
- May 24. Prof. Moses gets a hair cut.
- May 25. We challenge the Freshies to a tug-of-war.
- May 26. The Girls’ Glee Club makes its debut in Chapel, with some slight assistance from the boys.
- May 27. The Dean of Women changes her place of abode from the office to the reading room. This is to prevent the couples, who are now using the side door, from “slipping one over” on her.
- May 28. The girls get to work on their May Day dresses.
- May 29. Charlissa and her assistants put the girls through their tactics in the final rehearsal. McCormick buys a Buick.
- May 30. The Big Day. The fellows finish third in the track meet. The girls cover themselves with glory in the dances. We entertain the General Assembly.
- May 31. Boys win Bible Class contest,—2467 to 2414.



June

- June 1. No bird trip today. Everyone disappointed.
- June 2. All the boys go swimming. (Maybe some of the girls go too. S-h-h-h-h.)
- June 3. Tormay has charge of an Economics exam. Note—Everybody got an A plus.
- June 4. Prof. Barr cheers his Greek class by telling them they will have exams all next week.
- June 5. The Dean reprimands the Senior table twice this evening.
- June 6. The Kelly's have a picnic. "Walt" Braham loses his reputation by bringing his girl in two minutes late.
- June 7. Rev. Paul Stewart delivers a sermon in Chapel. No lights.
- June 8. The Bible Classes hold an old-fashioned "Sabbath School picnic" in Shaky Hollow. Mirabile dictu,—the "chaps" go home early.
- June 9. We lose to Grove City. "J. K. comes, and "Pete" is left out in the cold.
- June 10. Ditto the Grove City affair. Dutch Wright says that the heat is hard on fat people.
- June 11. We give the Freshies a cold bath. McCormick gets punished for going into a tug-of-war when he couldn't swim.
- June 12. McCormick spends the day recuperating. Nora and Walter win the Junior Contest. Never mind, "Hubbard," it's all in the family.
- June 13. More recitals and contests. "The Ulster" is a huge success. Dan reveals the secrets of "Barton's System of Development."
- June 14. A very busy Sabbath. The Chorus sings twice. Dr. Russell tells the Seniors to do something worth while. (They can't.)
- June 15. The Chorus rehearsed for five hours, and then nearly froze to death singing the oratorio. Was the agonized expression on the faces of the audience caused by the music or by the cold? The Crescents have a "blowout" and interrupt the Van serenade.
- June 16. Commencement Day. The Class of 1914 leave these classic halls to return no more. How can we get along without Munn or Flora?
- June 17. Home again. The chronologist seriously considers going on an awful spree during the vacation.

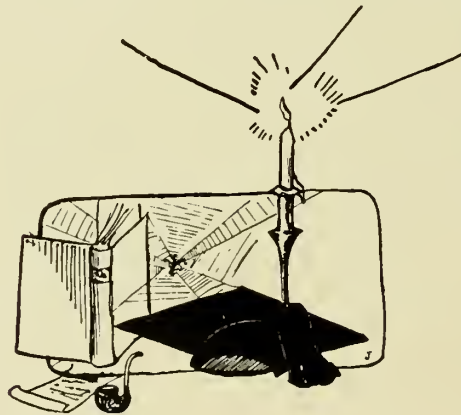
September

- Sept. 15. "Kid" Davis returns for one last long look, and is pounced upon by the howling mob.
- Sept. 16. Freshies approach the Chapel with fear and trembling to hear the catalogue recited by the faculty.
- Sept. 17. The Who's Who Reception in Philo Hall. The tower of Babel has nothing on us.
- Sept. 18. Rumors of a concert. Van (?) serenade.
- Sept. 19. Weiner roast in the forest primeval. "Mike" makes a collection of tinware for his hope-chest.
- Sept. 20. Martha Vincent startles the basso profundo by waving the danger signal.
- Sept. 21. More concert rumors.
- Sept. 22. Prof. Shott detains the Freshmen while the Sophs decorate the town with slimy, sloppy, slippery, sickly-green posters.
- Sept. 23. The concert arrives at last. The Howard family make their debut.
- Sept. 24. First Mass Meeting. Revival of the old Westminster spirit.
- Sept. 25. The faculty gambol on Furnace Hill. Miss Martin squanders twenty-one minutes coming home. Miss Jury puts her on limits for two weeks.
- Sept. 26. We give Penn State a few pointers about football.
- Sept. 27. No cows, dogs, snails, or other wild animals run over today by the Sharpville.
- Sept. 28. Alderman and Clark have a heated argument. "Tus" interferes in time to prevent a battle royal.
- Sept. 29. "Charlotte" is looking for a new girl.
- Sept. 30. Baird reaches high C.

October

- Oct. 1. The First Church has a social. Alderman goes home alone.
- Oct. 2. "Strath" makes his debut as assistant cheer-leader.
- Oct. 3. We bump against Pitt and receive a broken ankle and two broken noses.
- Oct. 4. All the Senior Lodge out to Chapel, even the little gray puss.
- Oct. 5. Pandemonium in the Hillside and surrounding country. The Sophs and Freshies spend the night tying each other up. Jimmy Kerr looks worried.
- Oct. 6. A green flag causes excitement. The Freshies win the rush. Jimmy is happy again.
- Oct. 7. The sun rises and sets as usual.
- Oct. 8. Second Church social. "Tub" Fulton appears as future Dean of the Hillside.
- Oct. 9. "Gert" and "Ag" arrive in itme to see the couples coming from Mass Meeting.
- Oct. 10. The Vans, Kellys, and Crecsents hold their annual "doins." "Peg" sings "John Brown's Body." Arthur and Mary get limits for coming in too early.
- Oct. 11. The morning after the night before.
- Oct. 12. Sniff discovers "Kinks."
- Oct. 13. The Irregulars show the High School how to play football.
- Oct. 14. The Senior Dog appears as soloist in Mass Meeting.
- Oct. 15. Mr. Giffith presents "Hamlet."
- Oct. 16. "Tus" versus Speigel. "Fish" and her conspirators celebrate in the basement.
- Oct. 17. "Charlotte" notices Betsy coming from church.

- Oct. 18. Prof. Smith fails to meet his classes. Would that all our faculty were so thoughtful.
- Oct. 19. "Charlotte" decides that Betsy is the girl for him.
- Oct. 20. Mystery. Forty green caps disappear.
- Oct. 21. The Freshmen girls unwillingly display their class emblems.
- Oct. 22. "Senior" breaks up Chorus. "All the perfumes of Arabia" could not sweeten this little dog.
- Oct. 23. "Doc" McKissen makes a speech in Mass Meeting.
- Oct. 24. We celebrate the Hiram victory with a bonfire. "Jack" Milligan gets a "foretaste of glory divine" by going through fire and brimstone.
- Oct. 25. "Jammie" goes to Bible Class.
- Oct. 26. Nobody home but the gas and it went out to meter.
- Oct. 27. The faculty becomes reckless and encourages propinquity.
- Oct. 28. The Samsons appear with shorn heads. "Now, Jimmy, will you be good." Dr. Russell looks worried.
- Oct. 29. Dr. Tschlnxzigeyv (sneeze here) speaks in Chapel on "War."
- Oct. 30. "Jake" addresses the student body in Mass Meeting. The Long girls entertain in honor of Mary Beth.
- Oct. 31. We clean up Geneva. Hallowe'en at the Hillside.



November

- Nov. 1. Bible Class contest begins. Girls ahead.
- Nov. 2. The scrubs lose to Slippery Rock. Berry stars.
- Nov. 3. Ohio goes wet. "Jack" Milligan looks happy.
- Nov. 4. Literary society agitation. "Charlotte" suggests compulsory co-education. Rare stunt.
- Nov. 5. The faculty are conspicuous by thier absence from Mass Meeting.
- Nov. 6. General hiatus to Pittsburgh for the Tech game.
- Nov. 7. We give the plaid team a surprise party.
- Nov. 8. Being on a short vacation the chronologist is unable to state whether the faculty attends Chapel or not.
- Nov. 9. We play "three-deep" coming back on the hacks.
- Nov. 10. The girls frantically practice for their concert Friday night.
- Nov. 11. "Peg" McCurdy only laughs nine times today.
- Nov. 12. We discuss Junior Orations. John Mercer looks worried.
- Nov. 13. The day of daze. The first number on the Lecture Course and the first trip of the Girls' Glee Club. (New cases and queer combinations are de trop.)
- Nov. 14. No football game. "Hubbard" goes strolling.
- Nov. 15. Ruth Beatty nails all the furniture to the floor, much to the disgust of the sleeping damsels below.
- Nov. 16. More literary society discussion.
- Nov. 17. First number on Artists' Course. The Board meets in Pittsburgh. Who cares?
- Nov. 18. Answer to the above,—the Junior Class. We hold a meeting after Chapel.

- Nov. 19. Junior Class meeting after Chapel.
- Nov. 20. Junior Class meeting after Chapel. Last Mass Meeting of the season. Dart makes a real speech.
- Nov. 21. We push Grove City all over the lot. "Schwartz" makes the last touchdown. "Butch" breaks training. Van serenade.
- Nov. 23. "Ted" goes strolling. Ditto "Butch," "Hubbard," "Jim," and "Mike."
- Nov. 24. Junior Class meeting after Chapel.
- Nov. 25. General departure for civilization to spend Thanksgiving.
- Nov. 26. Thanksgiving. Sleeping, eating, and strolling our chief amusement.
- Nov. 27. Turkey a la hash at the Hillside.
- Nov. 28. Turkey a la soup at the Hillside.
- Nov. 29. Nothing but tail-feathers left. Appearances are sometimes deceitful,—especially in temperance speakers.
- Nov. 30. Several young men do the Sir Walter Raleigh act in modern style.



December

- Dec. 1. Dr. Russell gives a talk in Chapel which no one can fathom.
- Dec. 2. The College Orchestra gives us some music (?) in both classic and modern style.
- Dec. 3. The Discipline-Committee looks worried. Not a soul on limits.
- Dec. 4. The Glee Club makes a flying trip to the metropolis of Plaingrove.
- Dec. 5. Van party in the Hillside basement. Don and "Bob" shine in the game of "Hearts."
- Dec. 6. The rain falls on both the just and the unjust, only most of the unjust stay inside, while the just go to Church regardless.
- Dec. 7. The Glee Club appears in Chapel. "Charlotte" tells about "Miss Kate Vanolia."
- Dec. 8. Certain members of the Dramatic Expression seems to need extra coaching.
- Dec. 9. Staff meeting. As a result Martha and Walter secure some extra co-education.
- Dec. 10. The Glee Club leaves town. Walter Hart is the sole male survivor in Chorus.
- Dec. 11. Nobody home but "Jammie" and he's here for good.
- Dec. 12. Y. W. C. A. Bazaar. The boys show their school spirit by patronizing the fancy work booth.
- Dec. 13. The Chorus sings part of the "Messiah." Dr. Campbell's door gets obstreperous, but "Petie's" black looks or Baird's keys save the day.
- Dec. 14. The Metropolitan Grand Quartet gives a concert at eight o'clock (?)
- Dec. 15. "Pretty dang cold."—Quoted from Blanche Weiser.
- Dec. 16. Football banquet. The girls are sent hungry to bed while the boys feast on their rations.
- Dec. 17. "Jack" Milligan collects \$.50 from Dan McQuiston.
- Dec. 18. We leave for home on a train made up of refrigerator cars. Evelyn finds her father in the Union Station.

January

- Jan. 4. The return of the natives. Ask Hastings what he knows about Box Seat Number Two.
- Jan. 5. "Peg" and "Fish" are homesick.
- Jan. 6. We find ourselves in Iceland. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."
- Jan. 7. Freshmen Debate preliminaries.
- Jan. 8. Moses' head emerges above the deluge of Junior Orations.
- Jan. 9. The oration dates are posted. Horrors.
- Jan. 10. Skating party at the Cut,—on the holy Sabbath, too.
- Jan. 11. All fools aren't dead yet,—some of them skate in the rain.
- Jan. 12. Faculty holds private session. Even the senior dog is barred.
- Jan. 13. The streets are filled with couples. "There's a reason."
- Jan. 14. First spasm of Junior Orations. Both victims and audience survive.
- Jan. 15. Miss Edna Dunham gives a recital in Chapel.
- Jan. 16. Basket Ball season opens. "Mike" and Sniff have an argument.
- Jan. 17. Miss Haggard addresses a joint Young Peoples' meeting.
- Jan. 18. The Chorus spends their time recuperating from their hard work of the Sabbath Day.
- Jan. 19. More orations. Neal meets his girl in front of the Music Hall as usual.
- Jan. 20. Mr. Totten catches "Doc" with the goods. The mystery of Moses' rooster solved at last."
- Jan. 21. The Girls' Glee Club performs for the Farmers' Institute.
- Jan. 22. More orations. "Pete" takes an old lady's seat.
- Jan. 23. The Juniors are so weakened by the strain incident to orations that they lose a game to the Freshies.

- Jan. 24. "Stiffy" Weigle and Mr. Bookman conduct Chapel services.
- Jan. 25. Still more orations. Cheer up, audience, there's just one more night.
- Jan. 26. "Becky" Davidson startles us by appearing in the role of a piano artist.
- Jan. 27. Play practice. Moses insists that the actors learn a few lines before the night of the performance.
- Jan. 28. Margaret Tinkham drops her handkerchief on one of the treetops on the campus.
- Jan. 29. Final outburst of eloquence from the Juniors. We hold a party to celebrate.
- Jan. 30. The Kellys go to Mercer and the Crescents to Hubbard. Miss Martin works hard to get the latter bunch in on time.
- Jan. 31. "Jammie" is late to Bible Class for the first time. Too much sled-load.

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February

- Feb. 1. "Charlotte" and Betsy spend the afternoon looking into each other's eyes.
- Feb. 2. The groundhog tries hard to see its shadow, but finally gives up in disgust.
- Feb. 3. The girls play basket ball. The Hillside parlor is crowded with swains waiting for their young lady escorts.
- Feb. 4. Miss Martin begs the girls to make some distinction between Saturday afternoon and other days. Mary Stooddy ignores the suggestion and suffers. Hard luck, "Bob."
- Feb. 5. "She Stoops To Conquer." Martha's hair turns gray.
- Feb. 6. Miss MacLaggan was not late to class today.
- Feb. 7. Dr. Russell advises us to sit while we stand.

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- Feb. 8. Ruth Beatty falls and loses her patience as well as her switch.
- Feb. 9. Miss Marie Kaiser makes her first appearance at Westminster.
- Feb. 10. Dr. Freeman informs his class that the four legs of a chair are intended for use.
- Feb. 11. Another Girls' Basket Ball Game. "Tink" requests the boys to refrain from expressing their emotions until they get into the open air.
- Feb. 12. Dart begins to grow a moustache. The Schumann Quintette gives us some real music. (Department of Music, take notice.)
- Feb. 13. Dart's moustache progressing finely. Ralph is in town, and Jeanette is happy.

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- Feb. 14. No further news of Dart's moustache. "Pete" is still looking for a new girl.
- Feb. 15. It looks like June and feels like February.
- Feb. 16. A most unusual event,—“Petie Willie” attends Chapel. Dr. McCulloch should feel encouraged.
- Feb. 17. The Troup sisters give Miss Martin a special course in Argumentation.
- Feb. 18. “Doc” and Josephine Keast have a private conflag. Result: wailing and gnashing of teeth at the Hillside. Mabel Russell tries to commit suicide by drowning in her own tears.
- Feb. 19. Mabel manages to swin out in time to make her getaway on the hacks.
- Feb. 20. “In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of,—anyway, Evelyn and John went strolling.

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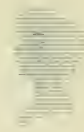
- Feb. 21. Dr. McCulloch brings his series of meetings to a close.
- Feb. 22. Birthington's Wash-day. Jo Keast and Shenck work "trig." Kelly party at the hotel.
- Feb. 23. Fred Reed tries to blow up the Chemistry lab.
- Feb. 24. We don't know of anything that happened today, but imagine that "Hubbard" and Nora, Harvey and Betty, "Jim" and Margaret went strolling as usual.
- Feb. 25. Miss Martin "chaps" the Girls' Glee Club to Pittsburgh, so they shall not be lead astray in the big city.
- Feb. 26. The end in sight. The chronologist sighs with relief.
- Feb. 27. The reader also sighs with relief. It will seem strange writing a chronology next year without Nora and "Hubbard."
- Feb. 28. "The pen and ink we lay on the shelf,
If you want anymore you can write it yourself."

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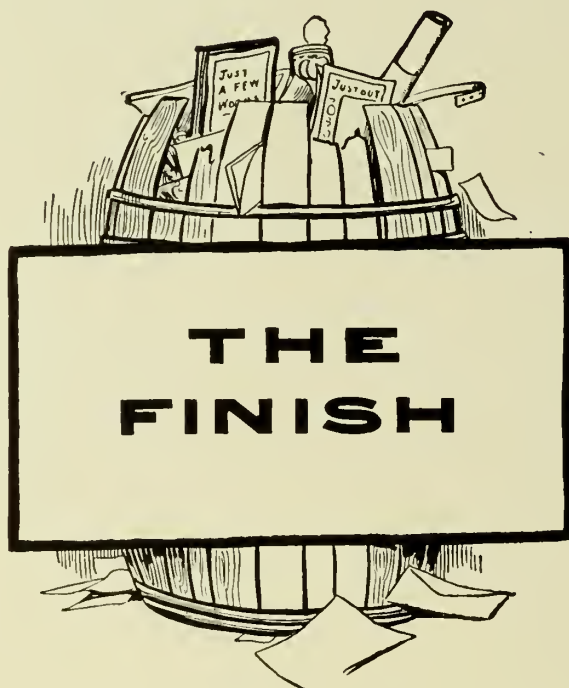
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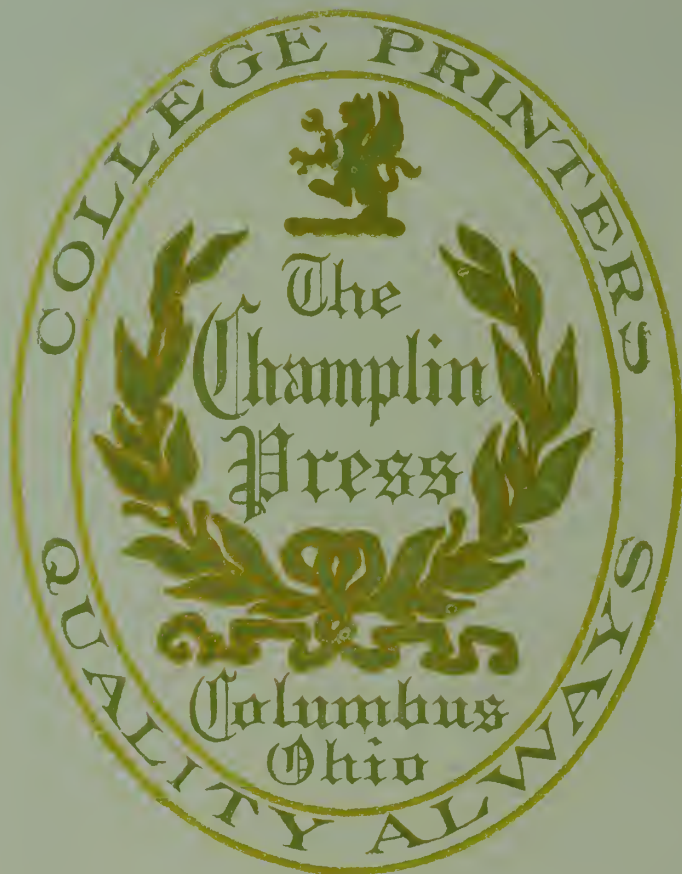
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